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KATHARINE BECK PATTERSON
FREDERICK BECK AND DOROTHY FORSTER PATTERSON

A HISTORY
OF THE
BECK FAMILY

TOGETHER WITH A
GENEOLOGICAL RECORD OF
THE ALLEYNES AND THE
CHASES FROM WHOM THEY
ARE DESCENDED

BY
CHARLOTTE REEVE CONOVER

DAYTON
PRIVATELY PRINTED
1907

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CHAPTER ONE

KATHARINE BECK PATTERSON

(*An Appreciation*)

TO FREDERICK BECK AND DOROTHY FORSTER PATTERSON

THE history of your mother's family naturally begins with her, and since I am commissioned to write it, this part, again most naturally, begins with my first acquaintance with her. I shall never forget the first impression, and I wish very much it could be conveyed to her children, who will depend for their only concept of their mother upon other people's remembrance. It was in the month of December, 1888. She was a bride, and had just come to make Dayton her home. Your grandmother, Mrs. J. J. Patterson, had given a large reception in her honor, to which, however, through the stupid mistake of a servant, I did not receive an invitation. Our meeting, therefore, was left to a quieter occasion, where, once for all, our dear friendship commenced. She was sitting on a low divan when I entered the room, and, being the only stranger

there, I knew who she must be before we were introduced. The first outward visual impression was of a soft, light blue dress and a pair of dark, expressive eyes; in the next few moments were added the charm of her voice and the vivacity of her manner. Her personality took strong hold upon me from that minute, and that sympathetic insight into each other's mind, which is the basis of all true friendship, began to grow. Since then this has given me a feeling of surprise, for I was fully fifteen years her senior, but at the time it seemed perfectly natural, and as though we had known each other always.

KATHARINE BECK PATTERSON

From the first your mother made many friends. Her fresh spontaneity, her frankness, her vivacity, above all her essential sincerity and truthfulness, captured people. Then she was beautiful, and as she wore this divine gift simply and unconsciously, it added to her triumphant success and won her hosts of friends. She brought into Dayton society what it has too greatly lacked, before and since, an element of high ideals and serious purpose in living. I do not mean that she was

stiffly intellectual or posed as literary or learned; she was too sensible and temperamentally happy to do that; but her inheritance of Puritanism and New England mental vigor made itself manifest, and although she was bent on having a good time, as all young brides are, one could see that she had better ideals of living than those comprised in the round of parties and social entertainings which occupied the first year of her married life.

Whatever your mother did she did thoroughly. I want this trait of her character brought out quite plainly, because you will do well if you try to be like her. It is the fault of a great many people in these days that they are satisfied to accomplish what is before them in a slipshod, half-hearted fashion, glad when it is over that they may resign themselves to some occupation that does not involve any effort or obligation. Katharine Beck Patterson understood that the happiest lives are the busy, useful lives, those which give fullest scope to one's powers. She was a thorough musician, with love and instinct inherited from both father and mother and the acquired technique which comes by serious application. At one time, when she was a girl, the family finances being temporarily narrowed, she was proud and happy to convert her knowledge into money through teaching, and always spoke of that time as an experience which broadened and devel-

oped her and gave new points of view and new self-respect.

She was a keen lover of books, with that discriminating sense of literary values that is either born in one or left out, but which no mere education can supply. Her love of poetry was as intense as her love of nature; both had been nurtured in that New England atmosphere which so naturally fosters the truly intellectual and brings it to maturity. She and I had many long drives together, when we talked books by the hour, always glad to find our favorites were mutual favorites, and that each had gotten the same stimulus from an author. Her childhood had been passed where those writers who to me were names upon the title page of a book, to her were real people among the acquaintances of her family and well known upon the streets of Boston. This gave to her talk an added charm, and I never tired of hearing her tell of the famous men her father knew, who came sometimes to the home at Brookline, and of the preachers, singers, and

KATHARINE BECK PATTERSON

poets whose faces as well as names were familiar to her.

When the talk was not about books it was about horses, and here again was a point of common interest. To Katharine Patterson a horse came so near to being human that he satisfied a large craving for friendship on her part. She drove a beautiful pair of bays and was never tired of calling attention to their fine lines, their speed, and their intelligence. I can see her now (though it is as many years ago as you are old) gather up the reins into one gauntleted hand while she reached for the whip with the other, saying, "Which way?" Any way was a good way for me when I sat by her side and we plunged off into country wood roads. Then she talked of Boston and Cambridge, of Longfellow, Thomas Starr King, Emerson, Whipple; the horses;—weren't they handsome? did I not think they traveled well together? the saddle hack she was going to have; reminiscences of the European trip; a story of some recent gayety in the way of cards or tennis (they didn't play golf then); all this with the gayest manner and the happiest humor. Her eyes, which had when at rest a languorous beauty, would light up until they sparkled with fun. She had little characteristic poses and gestures which cannot by any means be conveyed by description, but which went far toward making her a supremely fascinating woman.

Later, in our drives, there was another subject to discuss besides books, horses, sunsets, and people; each of us had a baby on her lap, of nearly the same age, and this made occasion for endless discussion of traits, mental and physical, of comparisons, of anticipations. She threw herself into motherhood with the same eager enthusiasm that she gave to all the previous interests of life, by this one supreme interest forever outdone. That all this loving hope should have come to naught is so great a tragedy that we cannot attempt any expression of it. If she had lived, her children would have known not only the tenderest care but the strongest impulse to good living that any human influence could give. Her sympathies were as wide as her affections were intense. Not only has her family suffered loss, but also the city that was her married home. If Katharine Patterson had lived, Dayton would have been the better for it. As soon as her ripening nature should have stimulated her to active participation in public concerns, the municipality would have benefited by it. She would

KATHARINE BECK PATTERSON

have set new fashions of public service and carried with her into the large concerns of life the younger women of Dayton whose function seems to be only to have a good time.

She was beginning to make some astonishing demands upon her friends during the last year of her life. The question of giving to the women of Ohio the school suffrage came up and she espoused the cause with all her heart and soul. We drove together many hours of many successive days, from office to office, from factory to factory, from bank to bank, getting signatures to a monstrous petition to the Legislature. She was laughed at time and again by those who thought that the supreme office of a pretty woman was to wear Paris gowns, sit at the head of her own table, play cards, and talk little dripping items about small pink and white affairs on First and Second streets. Katharine Patterson would never have resigned herself to the existence of a larva in a cushioned hole; she wanted light, action, opportunity, influence, and this is why Dayton is the poorer for the loss of her.

Since I have dared be so personal as to tell you of my first impression of your mother, I will also dare to tell you of the last, because both belong indelibly to my memories of her loving, brilliant nature. I had felt, for some reason, a sudden concern about her; she had seemed distrait, languid, and pale; I had meant to go to

see her and ask the reason, but she had been greatly occupied with your aunt's wedding and there had seemed no time. Thinking of it one day, her comradeship, her sympathy, her dearness to me came to the surface. I resolved, in the dearth of a verbal opportunity, to write and express once for all my concern and love for her. I did so in a little hurried note. The next morning, walking in town early to market, I passed her house. The carriage was standing at the door and she was coming down to it, her hands full of packages and the morning mail. She evidently had just received and read my note, for, looking up through the window, she saw me across the street. Waving the little sheet in her hands, with one of her ineffable smiles, she touched her fingers to her lips and wafted them toward me as in recognition of the message and affectionate response to it.

It was the last time I ever saw her.

* * * * *

In the spring of 1894 Mrs. Patterson's health began to fail. Symptoms which caused uneasiness, but not alarm, had manifested themselves in February and March, and it was thought a change of air might improve her condition. Immediately after your Aunt Eleanor's marriage she went to Brookline, and while there had a serious attack. Upon her return she seemed somewhat better at first, but gradually seemed to lose strength. Color, vitality, that exquisite bearing of

health and youth left her. All was done that science and loving attention could do. Your grandmother came west with her daughter and watched with agonized solicitude the increasing pain and weakness. Your grandfather was summoned and arrived on Sunday morning, June 10. She was conscious up to ten o'clock that night, then lapsed into coma and passed away at 12 : 30.

* * * * *

*"The birds, the roses, the sweet fresh air, and the June sunshine!—but something is gone, something akin to the birds in its joyousness, to the roses in its beauty; as sweet and fresh as the summer air, as bright as the sunshine. Can summer days ever be the same again? In this lost life there was a promise. Youth is always elementary, and lacks the fulfillment of maturity, but the interesting lives carry large possibilities to those who see and understand. Hers was a nature so candid, so intrinsically honest and unspoiled, that its future promised truth and genuine action as a law of life. It was a nature so energetic in impulse and progressive in thought that it promised work, bravely accomplished in the end. Those who loved and trusted her believed that the impulses of these few short years would some time result in a power for good in a community which needs the saving service of women of forceful character, social influence, and per-

*Tribute published in Dayton Herald, June 11, 1894.

sonal attractions. The last, all who came in contact with Katharine Patterson felt. 'Her face was like a garden full of flowers,' and the play of expression like the bending of the blossoms to the passing breeze. With beauty and bravery, honesty and amiability, cleverness and culture, what might she not have accomplished had the Inscrutable Will allowed the life to go on and the spirit to grow unhampered!

"One negative quality in Katharine Patterson's character stands out in high relief, which was the absence of the critical spirit. Unkind discussion of other people's affairs, even implied faultfinding never found expression from her lips. Her interests were rather with things than with persons, and the larger questions of human life carried her actively into work that, were it not for the exactions of a young family, would have compelled results.

"But she is gone! In her vigorous youth, in her zest of life and all it held for her! Many blank places there will be after this; in her own home, in the hearts and lives of her friends, in Dayton and in the home of her girlhood; in the country roads where she loved to drive. But her little children will not miss her, for they will not know. This is the saddest thought of all.

"'Why should'st thou be dead and come no more?
Ah! what hadst thou to do with cruel Death,
Who wast so full of life, or Death with thee,
That thou should'st die before thou hadst grown old?
Why art thou silent? Why should 'st thou be dead?'"

CHAPTER TWO

KATHARINE DUDLEY BECK

KATHARINE Dudley Beck was born August 18, 1865, in Brookline, Massachusetts. You know the house, for you have often been there to visit your grandfather and grandmother and your aunts. It is No. 43 Davis Avenue, and stands near the street; an old-fashioned, typical New England home, with porch in front, bow windows, vines and shrubbery, and a large garden where your mother used to play when a child, just as you have played there since. She was born in the blue room (which was then called the nursery). She was a strong, active child from the first. Her mother wrote (November 2, 1865):

"The dear little baby laughed out loud this morning. Edith jumped up and down before her, which made her laugh—such a merry little rippling laugh that we could hardly realize she is only eleven weeks old." And again (November 12): "Baby seems to take a great deal of notice. She likes to look at Edith; almost always smiles when she goes near her. She laughs out loud very merrily."

THE HOME OF FREDERICK AND LUCY DOANE BECK
43 DAVIS AVENUE, BROOKLINE

The family annals give many anecdotes of Katharine's babyhood, unimportant, perhaps, to the great world, but interesting to those who loved her then and to those who want to remember everything about her now. One day when she was a young baby—perhaps a year and a half old, with her mouth hot and feverish from the coming teeth—her mother gave her a small icicle to hold in her mouth and cool her gums. In the afternoon of the same day the nurse, walking around the room with the baby on her shoulder, stood with her back to the mantel, where there was a small glass vial. The resemblance attracted the baby's eyes, and then, by counter suggestion, the little fingers; she grasped the bottle unperceived by the nurse, put it in her mouth, and crushed it in pieces. At supper it was noticed that there was difficulty in swallowing food, and blood was seen in her mouth. The doctor was called, who gave an emetic, and the whole neck of the vial was thrown out, together with several other pieces. Naturally the whole family lived in terror from day to day, fearing the worst results from such an unforeseen accident; but there was no tragic sequel, and they were at last reassured.

In 1894 her father, loving to recall the babyhood of his daughters, wrote: "When Katharine was a babe I took great delight in carrying her in my arms. Walking to and fro, singing the while simple ballads or negro

melodies—'Bobby Shafto,' 'Old Uncle Ned,' and 'Near the Lake where Drooped the Willow.' The children were never tired of this amusement. First one and then the other I would take in my arms, and was never wearied of thus pleasing them. * * * How impatiently they all awaited my coming from the city at the close of the day, greeting my arrival with enthusiastic cheers."

KATHARINE DUDLEY BECK
Two and One-Half Years

As Katharine grew in years her parents noted her original ideas and quaint sayings. Animals were her great delight. The homestead was full of pets, not only cats and dogs, but horses, cows, rabbits, and even mice.

When she was still a child she was an excellent horsewoman and learned to harness a horse when she was so small she was obliged to stand on a chair to put on the collar. She accepted the family horses as relatives and associated with them constantly. There was a favorite

cow which died and left a young calf. Katharine's sympathy and helpfulness aroused by the sight of the helpless orphan, she claimed it as her own. She was so in earnest, so confident of being able to bring it up, that it was given into her care. Early and late she tended her protégé, going out to the stable to feed it while the family were still asleep, and teaching it to suck milk from her fingers. At last the baby learned to drink milk from a pail and became Katharine's proud possession.

KATHARINE DUDLEY BECK
Two and One-Half Years

Your grandfather writes:

"If the harness was ever out of gear, whilst driving, she would at once observe it, and correct the trouble. If a stone got under the horse's hoof, she would immediately jump out, take up his hoof, and pick out the stone with a 'picker,' which was always carried in the wagon. She saw everything within range of her vision.

Her mother taught her to drive the horse when she was only about six years of age; and kindness to animals, more especially to horses, was insisted upon early and late. * * *

KATHARINE DUDLEY BECK
Three Years

"As a child, coal carts were her special delight. She told her mother she had far rather ride in a coal cart than in the victoria, as it was more interesting. Hardly a week passed but that she brought home some stray dog or cat. 'Snap,' a black and tan, 'Jack,' an Irish terrier, and 'Max,' a collie, are the three best remembered of her canine pets."

Very early her love for books and music began to be manifested. Your grandfather writes:

"When your mother was quite a young child she delighted to hear me read to her Byron's 'Prisoner of Chillon.' It was her favorite poem. She enjoyed also

Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' 'Marmion,' and 'Lord of the Isles.' All these are great favorites with schoolboys, and I hope Frederick may read them to Dorothy with mutual enjoyment. * * *

KATHARINE, Two and One-Half Years
EDITH, Five and One-Half Years
The Smile and the Frown

"There is no accomplishment more desirable than music, and none more susceptible to cultivation. It grows with what it feeds upon to an astonishing degree. This has been one of the chief delights of our domestic life. Your dear mother loved to hear her mother sing, and to sing herself.

"In the large old-fashioned garden belonging to Katharine's home, the three sisters, Edith, Katharine, and Eleanor passed many a happy hour, working in their gardens, climbing trees and fences, and playing games with their friends. Making mud pies was one of their earliest amusements, and once a particularly fine

mud pie being made by Edith and recommended as a chocolate pie, Katharine was tempted to taste of it, and a flood of tears was the result. 'Stump' was one of their most interesting games, and this consisted of climbing every impossible tree, jumping from the tops of all the highest fences, much to the detriment of their clothes.

KATHARINE DUDLEY BECK
Fourteen Years

"The three children had a very happy childhood, with agreeable surroundings. We had a croquet plot in our garden, to which they invited their friends, and later a tennis court. In winter, they enjoyed skating on Jamaica Pond and tobogganing down Wright's Hill, and all three lived an out-of-door life exultingly."

Reading aloud in the evening was another custom largely enjoyed by all the family. Milton's "Samson Agonistes" and his "Comus" were great favorites, together with Dickens' writings.

All through their childhood the family indulged the privilege of driving through the beautiful Brookline roads, sometimes taking a lunch, resting in some native

nook or on the top of one of the attractive hills, which abound so freely there. The days glided by swiftly and pleasantly, the years followed, and before the parents were aware the children graduated into maidenhood, strong and healthy. New cares and new duties were the result. The young girls had become companions of their father and mother and were treated as such—their wishes consulted, their counsel and advice followed.

"On the whole," writes your grandfather, "Katharine passed a very happy childhood. It was our aim to have our children feel, upon looking back when they had grown up, that they had enjoyed a blissful home, encompassed with affection and surrounded with all that makes life healthy and happy. We know that trials and suffering are, sooner or later, the lot of every human being, and it was for us to see that, as far as lay in our power, one portion of their life should be exempt from these evils. * * *

"The years swept by with amazing swiftness, and almost before we realized, this young, sprightly, joy-abounding creature, who filled the house with her merry roundelays and whose presence was a benediction to us all, bloomed out into a young lady. She was accomplished in dancing and music, in skating, swimming, and riding, and always enjoyed life with the keenest zest."

Katharine went to the Brookline public schools until she was about fifteen years old, when she was sent to Miss Newhall's, a private school in Boston, then to Misses Lane and Baker's, and afterwards to Miss Ireland's. It was here, at Miss Ireland's, that she formed the friendship of Fanny Ames. Miss Ames was then living in Concord in the "Old Manse," of which Hawthorne writes, and some of the most pleasant hours of Katherine's life were passed here. The guest chamber where she slept was the room in which Hawthorne wrote "The Scarlet Letter," and also where Emerson wrote "Nature."

Your mother was not entirely given up to gayety, but showed her sense of responsibility early in life. Financial reverses in the family only brought out her strong capacity and loyalty to duty. The horses that had taken them so many pleasant rides through Brookline roads were given up and expenses in other ways curtailed. Katharine rose to the occasion with her elastic, buoyant spirit. She opened a small private school in Boston on Marlborough Street, and began to teach with the greatest zest. This occupied her morning hours; in the afternoon she gave music lessons, and in the evening was ready for any gayety that offered. Her health was glorious, her strength and physique perfect; she seemed to be the better and happier for having combined work with play. She afterward told an old

friend that the sensation of earning money and becoming a valued factor in the family economics was the greatest pleasure she ever had.

In 1886, when about twenty, Katharine went to Portland, Oregon, to visit her half-brother, Alleyne Beck, who, with his wife and five children, gave her a warm welcome. She passed a very happy year there, making friends on all sides, just as she had done at home. The garrison at Fort Vancouver, ten miles from Portland, welcomed her with enthusiasm, and the officers, captured by her beauty and vivacity, paid her many attentions. Parties were gotten up in her honor, dances, moonlight sails, and horseback rides. Her horsemanship especially made a great impression upon the army officers, who loaned their favorite saddle-horses and rejoiced that she could so easily manage even the most spirited.

She was an unusually fine tennis player, and won in a tournament in singles against Doctor Bevan, of New York, one of the noted players of the Pacific Coast. Katharine carried off the first prize.

* * * * *

In the winter of 1886, she met John H. Patterson, of Dayton, Ohio. She was acting in some amateur theatricals when he first saw her. The play was called "A Red Letter Day," and was given in Pierce Hall, Brookline.

Costume worn at Mrs. Lewis'
"MIKADO TEA"
April 15, 1886

The following is an extract from a letter written by your grandfather to Sarah Beck (Alleyne's wife), describing your mother's triumph that evening:

"Brookline, December 30, 1886.

"Dear Sarah: The 'Noble One' (Sarah's name for Katharine) wishes me to write you about last evening at Pierce's Hall, so here I give the particulars of this exciting occasion. The hall was crowded. Mrs. Beck and myself occupied the second row in front, Edith in front. It was a large audience. There were the Cabots, Storms, Atkinsons, Slades, Saltonstalls, Kennards, Stevensons, Mrs. Henderson, wife of the British Consul. Rev. Mr. Storrs, who sat directly behind us, leaned forward when Katharine first appeared on the stage and whispered to Lucy, 'How beautiful she is!' And this was true, and I repeated then what I had once said of her mother some thirty years before when she sang at the 'Melodeon', 'Surely never lighted on this orb a more delightful vision.'

"In the play Katharine is the daughter of an Irish colonel, O'Fipp, who borrows money of her numerous suitors, and his daughter always 'goes with the bills.' She has a rich Irish brogue, which she manages to perfection. I shall send you a copy of 'Tom Cobb,' then you will see how irresistibly funny the whole affair is.

KATHARINE DUDLEY BECK
PATTERSON
At the time of her marriage

Therefore I will not rehearse all the details of the play, but only say it was a perfect success. There was not a hitch during the entire performance. Katharine comes on at first in a simple dress, but resplendent in her bearing and beauty; smile, voice, eyes, all are brilliant and lovely. One lady said in our hearing, 'I wish she would do all the talking and the others keep silent.' The second act reveals her sitting in the drawing-room, very much overdressed, for Colonel O'Fipp has dishonestly secured a large fortune and the family are spending it. Katharine wore her mother's diamond solitaire earrings, rhinestone necklace and bracelets, and head-dress. The beautiful green Oriental sash you sent, played a conspicuous part around her white neck. The players were constantly interrupted with applause. At the close Lucy was overwhelmed with congratulations on every side for the great success of her daughter. Katharine had a professional to make her up, which helped her marvelous success. Even I was stupefied at her stunning appearance. Still, one could see that neither her smile nor her voice nor her eyes were 'made up,' nor the ready command of her part. The rich brogue she must have inherited from her Irish nurse, so natural was it. They have been invited to repeat the performance before the Footlight Club of Jamaica Plain, when we shall enjoy a repetition of last night's pleasure. How I wish all the Portland Becklets could

JOHN HENRY PATTERSON
At the time of his marriage

have been present to join in the applause and shout, 'Come back,' 'Come back.' "*

After an engagement of six months, Katharine and Mr. Patterson were married December 18, 1888, in the front parlor of her home on Davis Avenue. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Howard N. Brown, of the First Unitarian Church of Brookline, and afterwards rector of King's Chapel, Boston. The ceremony was private, only the family and near relatives being present, some forty in number. The ceremony was at eight o'clock in the evening, and at half past eight a reception was given by the bride's father and mother to some four or five hundred friends living in Brookline, Boston, and the surrounding suburbs.

After the wedding trip your father and mother came to Dayton and took a home on St. Clair Street, between First Street and Monument Avenue. Afterwards they moved to one of three brick houses on Wilkinson Street, near Monument, and there the first baby was born, and Frederick, and here they lived until your father bought the Robert Steele homestead on the corner of First and Ludlow, which was her home until she died. Your mother became identified very soon with many interests of her adopted home. She was an active member of the Woman's Literary

*This refers to a letter Katharine received from Portland after her return home, in which all the family, father, mother, and five children, concluded the letter with, "Come back, come back, dear Katharine," and all signing together.

Club and one of the executive committee, also, of the Mozart Club, and one of the directors of the Humane Society. She wrote a paper on the Brook Farm Experiment and read it before the W. L. C. She was interested in the schools, and made many plans about the education of her children.

During her married life, Katharine went to Europe twice, once with her husband and again with her husband and two sisters, Edith and Eleanor. They all four also passed one summer in traveling in Canada.

CONCORD.

[*Paper read before the Woman's Literary Club.*]

Concord, famous in historical and literary annals, settled in 1655, the first inland town in Massachusetts Bay Settlement, is eighteen miles from Boston, and has a population of about 4,500, which is almost exclusively engaged in agricultural pursuits.

There originated the well-know Concord Grape, which Horace Greeley, in his "What I Know About Farming," pronounces the best "all-round grape," taking everything into consideration, that this country has ever produced.

I shall not weary you with any description of the Concord fight, in which the first blood of the Revolution

was shed, nor give you long accounts of the "embattled farmers" who "fired the shot heard round the world."

My personal recollections of Concord are among the pleasantest of my life. During my school-days I had the rare good fortune to form a close friendship with a young girl whose family lived in the "Old Manse." She is still one of my dearest friends, and I seldom visit Boston without passing a few days with her in Concord. The "Old Manse" is a familiar acquaintance —a memorable mansion, and as quaint and attractive as it is memorable.

Concord is an ideal New England town—quiet, as its name implies. Situated on the banks of a very quiet river,— so quiet that it is difficult to tell which way it flows,— not picturesque in its physical aspects, having no mountains, cataracts, or torrents in its vicinity, but commanding a distant view of Monadnoc and Wachusett, two of New England's favorite peaks, "whose high shadowy summits grow up in the soul" of those who live within the sphere of their benign influence.

Not picturesque, perhaps, is Concord, but very attractive, with its numerous ponds, fine old woods, and beautiful drives. Of its ponds, the best known is Walden, appropriated by Thoreau, whom Dr. Holmes describes as "half college-graduate, half Algonquin," "the Robinson Crusoe of Walden Pond."

Concord has long been an intellectual center, says Dr. Holmes, such as no country town of our land, if of any other, can boast. Its streams, its homes, its graves are haunted by undying memories; and its hillsides and hollows are made holy by the dust that covers their turf.

"The advent of Emerson made it the Delphi of New England and the resort of many pilgrims from far-off regions."

Concord is preëminently a town of plain living and high thinking. From its earliest history it has been the residence of scholars, divines, and men eminent in politics and literature, most of the early men of mark having for their ancestors some of the most famous names in English history.

The "Old Manse," which was at various times the home of Emerson, stands at the left of the famous battle-ground, and is approached by an avenue of lofty elms. A large field which divides it from the battle-ground was, centuries ago, the site of an Indian village, and often arrow- and spear-heads are turned up by the plow. The orchard behind the house leads down to the river, where one can take a boat and row half a mile up-stream to the "Hemlocks," a beautiful spot of which all Concord writers have sung the praises.

The "Manse" was the principal house in the town for many years, and probably the only one with two

stories, as almost all the houses of its period were built with a lean-to. It was also the only one with two chimneys, thus giving a large garret, in one corner of which is the "Saints' Chamber," its walls covered with the handwriting of holy men who have rested there.

But the most interesting room in the house is the chamber over the dining-room. There I am always allowed to sleep. This room has three windows with little cracked panes, bearing inscriptions traced with a diamond by Hawthorne to his wife. From the north window one can see the avenue down which the British marched to the river, and the large field with the "Minute Man" on the opposite side.

In this north chamber Emerson wrote "Nature," and Hawthorne composed his "Scarlet Letter." For some time the "Manse" was the home of Hawthorne, but he afterwards bought a larger and more modern house. This is not far from the Emerson home, which is a large, square, wooden house, standing in a grove of pine-trees, some little way from the road. A long hall divides the house, with large square rooms on either side. The first door on the right leads to the study, the walls of which are lined with tall bookcases. A round table stands in the center of the room, covered with books. The old-fashioned fireplace occupies the lower end of the room, while over the mantle hangs an engraving of Michelangelo's "Fates." Leading

from the study is the large parlor, where so many famous persons have met and conversed together. In the spring of 1878 the house was partially destroyed by fire, but was rebuilt as nearly as possible like the former house. During the building the family lived at the "Manse," while Mr. Emerson visited Europe.

On the pretty shaded street leading to the "Manse" stands the Alcott house, a little old-fashioned wooden structure, not attractive in inself, but memorable as the home of Miss Louisa Alcott and as having gathered under its roof all the characters made famous in "Little Women" as well as many noted persons.

One cannot depart from Concord without glancing at the "School of Philosophy," which has been the butt of so much ridicule and satire. This ridicule arose partly from its pretentious claims as a "School," and partly from its dealing with metaphysical topics so abstruse and obscure that common mortals were lost in their futile efforts to solve the problem of "The Thingness of the Here."

The head of this "School" and the "Dean" of the Faculty was Father Alcott, a man who all his life long lived in the cloudland of transcendentalism, and who in his attempts to grasp the incomprehensible failed to obtain the necessary bread and butter for his family. The "School" has vanished but the house remains, a memento of the impossibility of grafting the old scholas-

tic philosophy of two thousand years ago on our modern industrial world of to-day.

In a large sense, Concord is Emerson and Emerson is Concord. The law of association binds them together in immutable affiliation. For long years to come pilgrims from all parts of the English-speaking world will journey towards this New England Mecca to worship at the shrine of this

"Shrewd mystic, who upon the back
Of his poor Richard's Almanack,
Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoo's dream,
Links Menu's age of thoughts to Fulton's age of steam."

FREDERICK AND DOROTHY PATTERSON

LETTERS FROM THE ORIENT

KATHARINE PATTERSON TO HER FAMILY

DEAR F——: Here we are in a snug little compartment, all by ourselves, on the Oriental Express, flying towards Constantinople. We reached Buda-Pesth from Vienna, at one o'clock. This is a very fine city, of half a million of inhabitants. The two portions of the city are connected by one of the most magnificent suspension bridges in Europe. It has a beautiful park, where we drove Sunday afternoon, and saw thousands of Hungarian peasants, dressed in their holiday costumes, dancing, wrestling, enjoying Punch and Judy, wax-works, etc. We wandered about for an hour or more, and then drove back to the hotel. In the evening we heard "Cavalleria Rusticana," a light operetta, the rage at present all over Europe. It begins and ends with a fine ballet. The Opera House is magnificent, as handsome as the one in Vienna, and the orchestra the finest we have heard.

Yesterday morning we drove about the city, went up an inclined railway, and had a fine view of the city and surrounding country. We then took a boat up the Danube to a beautiful island, where are hot sulphur springs, and the lawns, flower beds, and trees are as fine as anything we have seen. We walked the whole

length of the island—three miles—and then took a little steamer back to the city, and we were just in time to take the train for Belgrade, where we intended to stay all night, to catch the Oriental Express which passes through at nine o'clock in the forenoon. Belgrade is a quaint little town, very poor, but Oriental in appearance and customs. We arose at six o'clock and drove about, visiting the market-place, which was extremely interesting. Fruits and vegetables, with live ducks, hens, etc., were the principal supplies. It is a very pretty scene, all the men in their baggy white trousers to the knee, the women in bright red and yellow stuffs.

The Oriental Express leaves Paris twice a week. We leave here this A.M. at nine o'clock, reaching Constantinople at six o'clock P.M., where we shall stay six days, when the steamer leaves for Athens.

HOTEL DE LOUVRE, CONSTANTINOPLE,
September 27.

Well, here we are in this marvelous city. Pray don't expect more than a few lines, for "six days in Constantinople" is like "sixty minutes in Africa." We feel that we must employ every moment in seeing this most wonderful city. Luckily, we were able to find a copy of De Amicis' "Constantinople," and we sat up till two o'clock A.M. reading it. After his description of the

Orient you can hardly expect me to add a word. The book is a remarkable one, and every word true, so far as we have seen the city. I am in despair at the thought of describing what we have seen, or what we are doing, for here we are in another world—all our other experiences sink into insignificance in comparison. We start out at nine o'clock and do not return till six. To-day has been one of all others to be remembered for a lifetime. We saw the Sultan going to worship at his mosque, the celebrated Abdul Medjid. We obtained a permit from the American Legation and drove to the palace, in a wing of which we were given a window in a large room where many foreigners were present, but no Americans except ourselves. From our window we looked into a large court-yard, and opposite was an arched gateway leading into the court-yard of the mosque, a very beautiful one, and used only by the Sultan and his attendants. It is entirely white, with innumerable little minarets and one tall one, from which the muezzin comes out five times a day and chants the call to prayer. We arrived at 11:30; the services begin at one o'clock, but the time passed as a minute! Thousands of troops were continually coming and going; they lined the long avenue leading to the palace, and all four sides of the mosque, about 8,000 in all. Then the great generals began to arrive in their private carriages, were deposited at the palace door,

and the carriages hurried away. All the officers, soldiers, and attendants were in brilliant uniforms and fezzes, with rows of veiled women as a background, and row upon row of white and chestnut horses behind them; there were about fifteen bands of music—even the cavalry had a mounted brass band. At a quarter before one o'clock the trumpet sounded and three carriages drawn by white horses and led by liveried Turks, brought the seven wives of the Sultan (the Sultan has seven legal wives, besides two hundred in his harem) through the gates of the mosque, and stopped on the corner at one side; the horses and poles were taken out and only keepers (Nubians, black as coal) remained, standing behind each carriage. The wives were closely veiled, and did not enter the mosque until the Sultan had worshiped and departed; then the poles and horses were replaced and the carriages taken to a back entrance which the public could not see; but before this the trumpets sounded again, and in marched the bodyguard, all fine officers, most of them past middle life. Then came a lot more fezzed men, and then a barouche with four prancing Arabian horses, with gold trappings. This carriage contained a small, delicate-looking little man of about fifty, with a large nose and narrow face, dressed in a plain black frock coat and fez. This was the Sultan, the living Mahomet, and the absolute monarch of 38,000,000 people. Opposite him sat

Osman Pasha, the great general who fought the Russians. The muezzin in white from the tall minaret was chanting the hour of prayer, when the whole army raised its voice in a mighty chorus, and then each man made a salaam to the Sultan. Three times they did this, then he stepped from the carriage up carpeted stairs into the mosque; then the officers and priests went in by another door, perhaps two hundred in all. After this, a beautiful golden victoria phaeton, drawn by two beautiful white horses whose tails swept the ground, and with gold harness, was drawn in. This was for the Sultan to return in. After half an hour he came out, stepped into the carriage, and drove himself through the gate up the avenue. The soldiers then dispersed, and we left, after seeing one of the most impressive and beautiful sights we have ever seen. The background to this gorgeous pageant was the blue waters of the Bosphorus and green hills covered with white, red-tiled houses, and slender minarets.

Yesterday we went in a small boat across the Bosphorus and Golden Horn into Asia, and there saw the howling dervishes. Sunday we are going to see the dancing dervishes. Mamma would die to see the thousands of poor dogs and horses here. The Orient, or at least this part of it, is in sad need of a S. P. C. A. The Turks are simply too lazy to kill the dogs, and they are in every crack and corner.

On Board the Greek Steamer "Medusa,"
Bound for Athens.

September 28, 8 A.M.

We left Constantinople this evening at six o'clock, just as the sun was setting. The bay was alive with war-ships, steamers, merchant vessels, sail- and row-boats, all filled with men in bright costumes and red fezzes. A most beautiful sunset glow was over all the city, and the mosques and minarets, clear against the yellow sky, made a picture never to be forgotten. Our visit, although short, has been most successful, and yesterday was a red-letter day. Through a French lady whom we met on the train, we were asked to join a party of eight, gotten up by her, with the French Ambassador as host, to visit the Sultan's treasures, captured by the Turks from the Christians when Constantinople was taken; also, to visit the old Seraglio, where the Sultan used to keep his wives, and in part of the palace now are two hundred women living, the harems of the nobility. Permission to visit all this is sometimes possible through one's minister, but is very rarely given, and then costs about twenty dollars to see it. We, however, were the guests of the Sultan. We had his *aide de camp* and about twenty soldiers as an escort. Where the treasure was kept, I saw a golden throne filled with large whole pearls, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, the finest thing there, and which was captured

in Persia. After passing an hour or so looking at millions of precious stones, we went to the palace, or old Seraglio, which is on a high cliff on the banks of the Bosphorus. After seeing all the old furniture and wonderful views, three liveried servants entered; one bore a gold basin beautifully wrought and suspended by a gold chain, in which was a gold coffee-pot. Another servant held a tray high above his head, covered with a crimson cloth embroidered in gold; the third one threw his cloth back over his shoulder and displayed wonderful gold cups all studded with diamonds; the cups held each an inner cup of glass, and into these the coffee was poured, mocha, the *aide de camp* informed me, and it was very fine. Then more servants entered and served rose preserves on a gold spoon, held over a glass of water. It was then proposed that we should visit another palace on the Asia side, and a rowboat of the Sultan's appeared, manned by eight men, all dressed in white. However, as our guide had made an engagement for us to go through a harem, and as it was then three o'clock, and we had been there since eleven, we left the rest and drove to another part of Constantinople—Pera—near the present Sultan's palace. This harem is owned by the chief priest of the Sultan, and I was very fortunate in obtaining entrance here. No one else whom I have met has been able to gain admission into any but very common ones. This priest is very

rich and has six wives, and twelve Nubian slaves to wait on them.

My friend, Mrs. B., of Nashville, Tenn., went with me, and two women, one speaking German and Greek, and the other German and French; so, with much interpreting, we talked merrily. They seemed delighted to see us, and a slave immediately brought cigarettes, which we all smoked. Then coffee was served, so thick that a spoon would stand in it. Then the youngest wife herself passed some sweet drink, of which we partook.

The first wife is always the mistress of the house, but they all seem very fond of each other and of each others' children. It seemed a very happy household. The eldest wife was about thirty-five, the next twenty, the third about nineteen, the fourth, fifth, and sixth from seventeen to twenty. They took a great fancy to my badinage and wanted to give me a little gold ring as a souvenir, but their jewel case was locked, and I could not wait for their lord, who carries the key. If I go to Constantinople again, they want me to visit them. Just fancy the poor things, kept there like prisoners, with only a high-walled garden to roam in; sometimes they are allowed in the city, but closely veiled and guarded. 'T is terrible to think of, although they all seem happy and contented. The oldest was "triste," having just lost her eldest daughter, and smiled very little.

We passed the afternoon rowing up the "Golden Horn," but I shall wait and tell you all about it when I return, for it is impossible for me to describe it all by letter.

Lovingly yours, K.

DOROTHY PATTERSON
Four Years

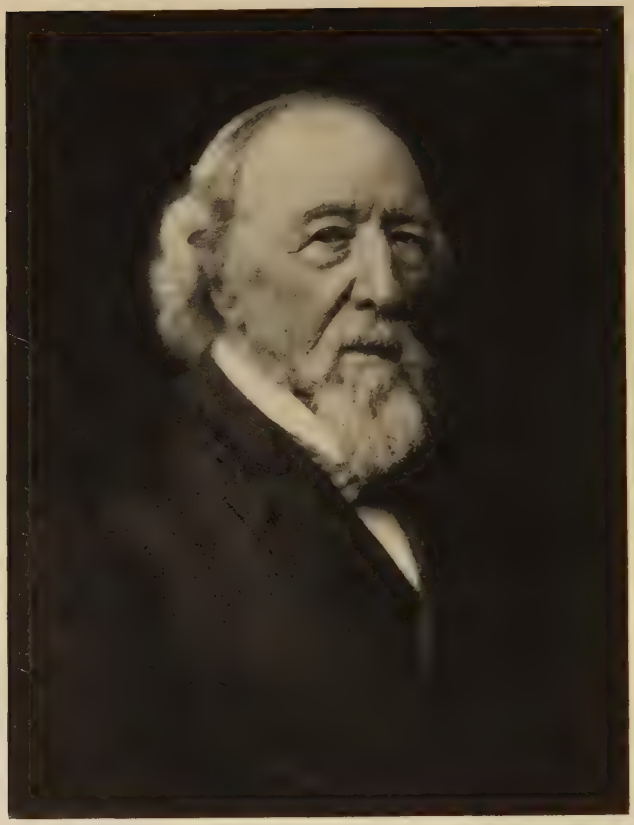
CHAPTER THREE

FREDERICK BECK

BEGINNING the family history with your mother's parents, we find that your grandfather, Frederick Beck, still living in 1906 at the ripe age of eighty-eight, was born on Sunday, May 10, 1818, at 44 Warren Street. The house has long since made room for modern improvements, the Young Woman's Christian Association now occupying the site of the old home. Then it was almost a country place, with its large garden shaded with locust trees and showing a profusion of old-fashioned flowers. Great bushes of lilacs, tall processions of hollyhocks, and groups of peonies occupied the space behind the house. The house was an old-fashioned wooden one built in the prevailing style of the period. Miss Sarah Beck, your great-aunt, remembered that the kitchen was a long, low building at the end of an entryway, and a few steps lower. Of course, the ceiling was low, and one of her childhood memories was seeing the milkman (she said his name was Mr. Saville, from Quincy, a very tall man) stoop to enter the door. In the kitchen were dressers

with cupboards, open fireplaces, and a brick oven. In your grandfather's childhood the pump was in the woodshed, and the rainwater was gotten from a cistern with a long pole. Later, modern improvements began to come in and there was a sink in the kitchen. These things, simple as they are, are all put down to show you how very different from our present life the ordinary life of a family was three generations ago. In this kitchen sink was a brass basin where your grandfather used to wash his hands when he came from school, and a part of the skill of your great-grandmother's housekeeping went to keeping that basin polished until it shone. Though a humble vessel, it was the best of its kind, and after a long and useful life it was promoted in later years to be an ornament in your Aunt Sarah's parlor at Cambridge. This was only one of many valuable, beautiful heirlooms which have survived the breaking up of the old Warren Street mansion, and which will in some future day be used in your own homes.

It seems that the genius for discovering and renovating old furniture is not confined to the present day. Your great-great-grandmother once bought a sideboard in 1816 at an auction for twenty-five dollars; after it was scraped and polished it was valued at two hundred dollars, and is still existent. The sofa that used to be in her best parlor is so old that nobody knows where or



FREDERICK BECK

when it came into the family. There were open fireplaces with brass andirons, and a pair of twin mirrors, whose fine carved frames, Mr. Edmund Quincy told your Aunt Sarah, were made from the roots of English oak.

In the china closet was much beautiful china, some of which is now taken precious care of by your grandmother, Mrs. Beck. Your Aunt Sarah remembered the low, narrow shelves, the chilly air of this closet, and the preserved barberries and tamarinds kept in a stone crock. There was a large pestle and mortar made of lignum-vitæ, because in those days one could not order ground spices of the grocer, but they must be reduced to powder in the family kitchen. There was a mahogany box for herbs, another for spices, and another for medicines. The annual cleaning day was a great observance. Everything had to come out, and frequently some rare piece was broken. Miss Sarah Beck further says:

"There was a pleasant front entry with the parlors on each side, an easy flight of stairs, then a landing with a large window, then four more stairs and the second entry was reached, bright and pleasant, with a large window over the front door, with a slight shelf or roof where our mother used to put her luxuriant pots of myrtle, roses, or rose geranium, to catch the rain or sunshine.

SARAH PHILLIPS BECK

"Upstairs there were pleasant chambers, front and back, leading from this entry, then a similar flight of stairs leading to the upper floor, but no windows. A small bedroom opened from the top of the stairs, and there were, besides, two large bedrooms; they were cold rooms in winter, and our brother Frederick used to try to make us believe his story that the wind came in through the crevices so hard that he could see his hair blow about. Mother used to stop up the windows (five in number) with cotton wool, but still Frederick's hair blew about.

"They were pleasant rooms in summer; from the east window the clock on Hollis Street Church could be seen, and at nine o'clock we could hear the evening bell, and the cry of the oysterman; on a cold night we used to think how cold he must be.

"Then came the back loft, gained by a flight of movable steps, which were placed almost perpendicularly to an opening made by a kind of trap door pushed inward for the occasion. This loft was a very hot place in summer (I can smell the heat now), wherein stood all kinds of things, tucked there for want of a garret.

"In the back chamber stood father's old writing-desk with its mysterious drawers, into which, as a child, I was often allowed to look over his shoulder and wonder at the whole interior; he would show me the little tortoise-shell bodkin case with gold trimmings, which his father

brought from sea to his mother, and tell me when I was twelve years old he would give it to me, because I was named for her. How I longed to be twelve! and when my birthday came, I remember running early to his room to claim the lovely, unique case, which I still have in my work-box (1897), and which I shall leave to my great-niece, Sarah Phillips Tappan. The front door was a large wooden one with a brass knocker. We felt very stylish when the knocker was removed for a bell!"

Your great-aunt, Sarah Phillips Beck, from whom the above reminiscences are quoted, was a woman well worth knowing. It is a pity she died too soon for you to have appreciated her. Perhaps you remember the old house at Cambridge where you were taken to see her and where she lived during the later years of her life. I hope you do, and that, young as you were, you could still, in a measure, understand that you were coming in contact with a remarkable personality. Your grandmother, Mrs. Beck, took me to see her because your Aunt Sarah knew more about the Beck family than any other living person. She remembered all the relationships to the uttermost degree and could talk delightfully, if she chose to, about her ancestors, their traits and peculiarities, the family marriages, and all such details; but she seldom chose. At first when I began asking her questions she was very reserved indeed, thinking family affairs were to be laid bare in some

unseemly way; but I talked to her of your mother, whom she loved very dearly, and finding that I also loved her made the acquaintance easier. I told her that what I was writing was for the benefit of Katharine's children, Frederick and Dorothy, who would never know about their mother's family unless some one took the pains to set it down for them. Being reassured, she did talk to me at length, some of which you have already read. She showed me all the family heirlooms and treasures with manifest pride and pleasure. Her talk, in spite of her age, ran on like a book, and I found myself regretting that the generations did not overlap more than they do, and that you had been there with us and old enough to enjoy it as I did. I tell you this to attempt to preserve the personality of your great-aunt, Sarah Beck, but it is a weak effort because I knew her only slightly. A better and a wiser pen has done it in a notice of her at the time of her death, and published in the *Christian Register* of April 17, 1902.

"The death of Miss Sarah Phillips Beck has removed one whose strong personality and rich gifts of courage, wit, and human sympathy will long be remembered by those who knew her.

"While she had outlived most of her contemporaries, her intense loyalty to the ties of family friendship had brought around her the children of the friends she had loved in youth; and her keen interest in human nature

HOME OF FREDERICK AND LUCY D. BECK, 43 DAVIS AVENUE, BROOKLINE
Taken after the snow-storm of November 28, 1898

and fine comprehension of excellence continually drew new friends within her circle. With Boston, the city of her birth and her home through the greater part of her long life, she was united by many ties of ancestry and affection; and she had intimately known those movements in the intellectual life of New England which have made so important a part of its history from the time of the Transcendentalists and Brook Farm down to our own day. It would be difficult, indeed, to think of one more truly identified with the best life of Boston than Miss Beck. Her religious home was the old Hollis Street Church, under the preaching of the brilliant and lamented Starr King. Although her summers were usually passed by the sea, which she deeply loved, she returned with gladness every fall to the roar and the energy of the city's life.

"The little home in Cambridge, to which she came over twenty years ago, seemed at once instinct with the refined atmosphere of an old-time Boston mansion. Here she brought her valuable old carved furniture, her curious and rare china, and the interesting painting, dear to her friends, of two graceful young figures on a large canvas, the 'little girls' of a distant generation, who smiled innocently down upon the modern world, and gave distinction to the room. This home was a center of gracious and abounding hospitality while her strength lasted; and here Miss Beck's uncommon intel-

VIEW OF FREDERICK BECK'S LIBRARY LOOKING INTO THE DINING ROOM, 1900

lectual and sympathetic gifts, as well as those of an ardent, if sometimes too impetuous spirit of ready wit and of a racy and original power of speech created a strong attraction.

"In Cambridge she found great happiness in the Sunday services at the College Chapel, then conducted by Dr. A. P. Peabody, and another valued privilege was offered by the Harvard Symphony Concerts. Possessed of deep resources in her own nature, on many sides she was open to enjoyment. We can but touch here upon the pleasure she found in the best examples of art, in old engravings, rare intaglios, and beautiful lace, in her love of the German language and literature, and in society of those whose friendship she prized. The time came when sight grew dim, and the Athenæum books were laid aside, when the gentle younger sister died, and a lonely life became the portion of the one who was left. 'When is man strong until he feels alone?' Miss Beck met these and other sorrows with rare courage and with a high philosophy. As one of her friends has said, there was never any struggle with her to appear other than what she was, or to have what was denied her. In these last years, fortunately surrounded by devoted relatives, whose visits were a delight, she has loved to listen to her favorite poems and to cull from her familiar Transcript any gem of thought or description that a friend would value. In the cottage near the sea,

where she passed last summer, she listened one afternoon to the moving words of the 'Dedication of Faust,' which brought to her mind many memories of far-off years; and one of the last papers read aloud to her was the interesting account in the February *Century* of Browning's life in Venice. With the great poets near at hand, with the warmest welcome for every new inspiring word in literature or art, and with keenest interest, up to her latest breath, in the human life about her, she has passed on to the beyond. *E. S. B."

* * * * *

Your grandfather writes:

"One of the most pleasant features of my boyhood days was the relation of our domestic help to the family. Those were halcyon days of housekeeping. There was no Irish population in those days. Our help were native-born young women from Cape Ann, who came to live with us at one dollar a week and stayed till they were married, when the next older sister took her place to run the same course, so that quite a large number of young children grew up at Cape Ann, mostly children of fishermen, who were named after our family, and were the recipients of outgrown clothes of my mother's household. Many years afterwards my mother passed her summer's outing at Rockport, near

*Miss E. S. Bulfinch, daughter of the architect who built the Boston State House.

Cape Ann, and she there met quite a delegation of children and grandchildren of the young women who had lived with us as 'help,' which pleased my mother exceedingly, a great contrast to our modern life in this respect.

"A day's work of a carpenter or other mechanic was from sunrise to sunset, and consequently when one had a job which he wished performed, he chose the long days of summer rather than the short days of winter in which to have it done."

Such was the home in which your grandfather passed his boyhood. He had five brothers and sisters, as follows:

Sarah Phillips Beck, born on Friday, October 4, 1816, and baptized November 17, 1816, by the Rev. Horace Holley.

Mary Alleyne, born November 22, 1820, baptized by the Rev. John Pierpont.

George Forster, born on Monday, 5th of May, and baptized by the Rev. John Pierpont.

James, born January 15, 1826, named after his uncle, Dr. James Harbin Alleyne, of Demerara, and baptized by the Rev. John Pierpont.

Anna Alleyne, born December 26, 1829, and baptized May 9, 1830, by the Rev. John Pierpont.

All these six children, except one, grew up.

Mary, when four years old, was "jumping rope," when she fell unconscious on the floor. She was a

sturdy and apparently healthy child, and very beautiful, with rosy cheeks and blue eyes. This was the beginning of a mysterious sickness which lasted seven years, when she died at the age of eleven years. A post-mortem examination proved that her trouble was enlargement of the heart, a complaint but little known in those days, but now readily diagnosed by good physicians and susceptible of much alleviation if promptly attended to. Dr. John Gorham, our family physician, attended her. He was the most eminent Boston physician of that day, and a much-loved man, skillful, kind, and generous.

George Forster Beck died in San Francisco of apoplexy in 1850. He, with two other young men, bought a ship in 1849, loaded her with assorted merchandise, and sailed around Cape Horn. The passage occupied seven full months.

James Beck died March 15, 1875.

The baptism of your grandfather by the Rev. Horace Holley, occurred just before the latter left to become president of Transylvania University in Kentucky, which your great-grandfather on your father's side, Colonel Robert Patterson, was instrumental in founding.

* * * * *

Frederick began his education when about four years of age, by going to a "Dame School," kept by a widow

and her daughter, Tryphena Brown. At five he could already read in the New Testament and knew the multiplication table, for learning which his father gave him a new silver half dollar. The schoolroom was a small one, the seats plain wooden strips of board, with no backs, and occupied by about twenty children. In winter the room was heated by a wood-stove.

At seven, your grandfather entered the public grammar school, called the "Franklin School." He writes:

"Up to 1830 the girls and boys occupied the schoolhouses in Boston together, one sex going to the grammar department in the morning, and alternating with the other sex in the afternoon. In 1830 a change was made, by which each schoolhouse was occupied by one sex. At this date the boys at the Franklin School were transferred to the Mason Street School, where Mr. Barrett was the principal and Mr. David Tower the writing master, so called; but arithmetic was a more important feature of his teachings.

"I recall Mr. Barrett as a stern, hard, prim pedagogue, with never a smile on his face, cold as an icicle, bloodless as a turnip. Severity was his weakness. He governed by fear, and taught through fear, what little he did teach. On the other hand, Mr. Tower was the ablest teacher I ever knew; I learned more in the one year I was under his discipline than I had acquired in the previous five years of attendance at the public

schools. Mr. Tower knew how to keep order without being either a cruel tyrant, like 'Old Clough,' or a harsh disciplinarian, like 'Old Barrett.' On one occasion, soon after the reassembling of the school in its new organization, one of the pupils—the bully of the school—undertook to measure his strength with Mr. Tower. He had been guilty of some misdemeanor, for which his teacher 'called him up.' He would not stir, but sat sullenly in his seat, bracing himself for an impending struggle. Tower strode down from his desk, seized the bully by the 'nape of the neck,' dragged him from his seat as easily as though he were a sick kitten, laid him across the bench, and gave him such a 'waling' that he probably did not forget it for the rest of his life. I have never forgotten it. It was an exciting drama in one act, and Tower was the hero. From this time his authority was never questioned. He was a just, wise, and successful teacher, and if his scholars did not love him they were obliged to respect him. I am glad of this opportunity to testify to his unsurpassed ability as a wise and successful teacher and a just and humane man.

"In those days the quill-pen *régime* was universal. The steel pen was about to be introduced and the goose to be relegated to a back seat. To appreciate the value of the steel pen one must consider what would be the condition of things were the commercial and school

worlds to be now dependent on the goose products for all their writings. We are fortunate in living in the steel-pen era.

"In times begone, when each man cut his quill
With little Perryian skill,
What horrid, awkward, bungling tools of trade
Appeared the writing instruments, home-made:
What pens were sliced, hewed, hacked, and haggled out,
Slit or unslit, with many a various snout—
Aquiline, Roman, crooked, square, and knobby,
Humpy and stubby," etc.

"The steel-pen statistics are amazing. One concern, Perry & Co., consume in the manufacture of pens twenty-two tons of steel weekly, making 200,000 gross of pens in that time, and employing about 3,500 women and girls and 650 men and boys, besides over three hundred women and girls in making boxes in which the pens are packed. How all this would have rejoiced the heart of 'Old Johnny Snelling' at the Franklin School, for he would no longer have been obliged to utter his daily wail of despair, 'What boys are going to pay for pens to-day?' "

From the Franklin School and the Mason Street School your grandfather entered the English Classical or High School, on the corner of Pinckney and Myrtle streets. Four times a day for two years your grandfather took the long walk across the Common to and from school. One winter, he tells us, he went without overcoat or gloves through the coldest weather, and

when one has experienced even once the famous east wind of Boston, one wonders that he was spared to tell of it at eighty-eight. He writes of this period of his life:

"My teacher was Thomas Sherwin, who lived to great old age and had a famous reputation; he has a son quite prominent in the city. The first year of the high school was merely a review of the grammar school, but the second was much more interesting, and I enjoyed it hugely—the first time I ever enjoyed real study. I had algebra, geometry, and conic sections. All that came very easy to me; I was at home there and took to it naturally. Some boys had to study and learn a diagram by mere force of memory, without any connection in their own mind, but I had a special aptitude for mathematics. After the high school I took a special course with Mr. Sherwin, but I had to work so hard I had to give it up. I only stayed another half year, as my eyes gave me much trouble, and that was the end of my schooling proper."

Like so many men who can be called "self-made" (in the sense of character, not fortune), your grandfather was obliged to yield his own ambitions to the family demands. He tells us he never saw the inside of a theater until he was twenty, and at the age of sixteen he began to make his own living. In spite of what many young lads would feel were hardships, your

grandfather testifies always to his happy home life. The mother, left with six children to care for, the oldest fifteen, and a scanty income, nevertheless succeeded, in spite of the many self-denials as to food, clothing, and amusements, in making the home life all that it should be. Frederick read every book that he could lay his hands on. The earliest classic that impressed him was "The Babes in the Wood." "It made the earliest and deepest impression upon my childish imagination," he writes, "and not even the tragedy of Othello or King Lear in after years produced equal intensity." He says:

"I recollect asking my mother if Uncle Charles would carry me and my sister into the wood for the robins to cover us with leaves. Her benignant and beautiful smile disarmed my fears at the time, but I would often lie awake nights and be disturbed by that apparition.

"What a delightful relief to pass from the dark night of this medieval ballad to the bright sunshine of Robinson Crusoe, the universal favorite of childhood. I fed on Robinson Crusoe to repletion. Unhappy the child who has to forego the marvelous experiences of this mariner of York and his man Friday. After Crusoe came 'Sinbad the Sailor,' and then Miss Edgeworth's 'Parents' Assistant,' but I always shunned 'Pilgrim's Progress' until a much later day, when I realized its

fine creations. About this time the 'Arabian Nights Entertainments' loomed up—a marvel of enjoyment. The one thousand and one nights gave me the idea of endless pleasure. That *'one'* seemed to count more than the preceding thousand. It was a plus to an interminable series. They carried me into the regions of far-off countries, into unknown climes, with strange customs and stranger peoples, to Karnac and Bagdad, Egypt, Damascus—names that have retained their splendid, Oriental flavor for me to this day. What a field for the childish imagination to revel in!"

One great deprivation of Frederick Beck's boyhood was the lack of country life. He speaks of it again and again in his diary and his conversational memoirs. He was forever thirsting for the sight of green fields and woods, and forever denied them. There were no uncles or aunts to visit, and the money was too scarce to permit of going to summer resorts. His mother's relatives were widely scattered, some in New Orleans, some in New York State, some in British Guiana and the Barbadoes. It was only once when his Aunt Chickering lived in Dedham for a few years that he passed a few days, to his great delight, in that fine old town. "I always had a hankering for the country," he writes, "and counted it a great misfortune that I had to stay in the city all through the hot, dusty months of the summer vacation."

With such limited experiences in both the city and

the country, your grandfather might pass, in our latter-day judgments, as an unsophisticated young man; but if he had never seen a theater or a live sheep, he already knew books, and that gave him instant entry among cosmopolitans. He says in a record he wrote in 1890, for his granddaughter Dorothy:

"It may interest you to know that Tennyson was always a favorite of mine. I consider him by far the greatest poet of the Victorian Era. For more than fifty years I have found him a perennial and inexhaustible delight."

As a young boy he began to read Lamb, Carlyle, Scott, DeQuincey, Coleridge. Later he derived great help and stimulus from Buckle, Lecky, Emerson, and Herbert Spencer. Besides books, the Boston boy of two generations ago had other pleasures not to be scorned:

"I used to find compensation in my vacation days in visiting the shipping at the wharves. Vessels used to come in the harbor of Boston from all parts of the world, from the East and West Indies, the coast of Africa, China, South America, and so forth. There was always something very attractive about a new arrival from foreign parts. A flavor of mystery and importance always accompanied these arrivals from 'unpathed waters, undreamed shores.'

"Our imagination was stirred by the sight and sounds of our foreign commerce, which no inland town

—say Dayton—could ever hope to know. We boys sometimes indulged in another experience, not quite so romantic, namely, that of 'licking molasses.' The schooners that ran from the West Indies usually brought a cargo of molasses, consisting of several hundreds of hogsheads, mostly for distilling into New England rum, a large industry in my boyhood days. The cargoes, after being landed on the wharves, were all laid in line with their bungs out, preparatory to their being sold, which was always by auction, the would-be purchasers thus having a chance to examine the quality by using a broom handle which was supplied by the owner, the broom handle being thrust into the bunghole, and when withdrawn, the finger took on a sample to be tasted. We boys could have all the molasses we wanted at home, but 'stolen sweets' were far more attractive. This was one of the compensations for our enforced summer residence in the city."

During your grandfather's school days, the Boston of then was not the Boston of now. You see broad, beautiful streets, with stately houses stretching mile beyond mile upon land which in those days did not even exist. Your Grandfather Patterson saw cities built upon a western wilderness; your Grandfather Beck saw the wilderness itself redeemed out of the sea and prepared for the placing of the city. He thus writes of the Boston of his boyhood:

"What is now the 'Public Garden,' 'Commonwealth Avenue,' and 'Back Bay' residences was the 'Receiving Basin' of a tide mill in connection with a dam, built by private subscription about 1809, and was called the Mill Dam, now Beacon Street Extension. * * * The original Beacon Street terminates at Charles Street, the bottom of the Common. All this tract of some hundred acres was overflowed with a few inches of water, making excellent skating in winter, so one can truly say:

> " 'There where the long street roars
> Has been the stillness of the central sea.'
> —*Tennyson.*

"The most important improvement in Brookline is the converting of 'Muddy River' into a beautiful park, which forms, with the 'Fens' of Boston, a continuous park system of many miles, extending from the Public Garden through the 'Fens' to the Arboretas, to Franklin Park, thence to the Marine Park, connecting with the Revere Beach, and taking the Middlesex Fells; the longest and most complete system of parks in the world, including the large area of Milton Hill, called also the Blue Hills, because when coming in the harbor the distance causes them to look blue, as they rise out of the water, a conspicuous landmark, seen from a great distance, six hundred feet above the seaboard. * * *

"I was a great walker when I was a young boy. I started once with a comrade at twelve o'clock at night

to walk to Blue Hill to see the sunrise. When we got pretty near the foot of the hill, we found we should have to run in order to see the sun rise, so we did. The hill then was covered with forest and underbrush, not easy walking, and when we got to the top of the hill the sun had gone into a cloud, so we did not see it. We pulled out a cracker and ate it, and at the spring, on the way home, stopped for a drink. I never shall forget the sensation of dawn, different from sunrise, something that comes on before the dawn, which is unforgettable."

Your grandfather's first essay in business was with Griggs & Chickering, flour merchants, 22 Commercial Street, when he was just sixteen years old. He was general office boy and helper and received a salary of fifty dollars a year. His hours lasted from seven in the morning until nine at night, and it is not to be wondered at that he called it his *"via dolorosa."* His duties with the firm ranged all the way from handling barrels of flour to handling money. Hundreds of barrels of flour had to be taken up three and four stories, and no man on the place could do as much lifting as your grandfather. He also copied letters by hand, as letter presses were not invented, and received and paid out large sums of money. This will show the exceedingly simple plan upon which business was conducted in those days, when an employee could be at one

and the same time porter and confidential clerk. At the end of five years Griggs & Chickering failed, and Frederick Beck was obliged to seek employment elsewhere. All his tastes led him toward books and study, and he longed to be rid of the details of commercial life and to interest himself in larger things. In the search for congenial employment he went to Savannah, Georgia, by sea, in the bark "Hersilia," but finding no opening, he returned by way of New York in the ship "William Gaston." The next business venture was in the drug and paint store of E. and F. King, on India Street, Boston, as a clerk, at a salary of five hundred dollars per annum. The next year your grandfather received eight hundred dollars, and the third year was admitted a partner under the firm name of E. & F. King & Co. He left the concern. He was an expert accountant, and especially clever in detecting counterfeit money. He says:

"When I was clerk for E. and F. King, I found a great heap of money that their former clerk had taken in and could not pass. I was then extremely ready in casting interest, and as neither E. nor F. King knew anything about accounts or figuring, I was very satisfactory. In those days they used often to borrow money for one or two days from other concerns, and so they would come in and I would say that the interest was a dollar. Sometimes they would undertake to say that I

was wrong, but I convinced them I was right. In two years I was partner there; then I disagreed with one of the partners there and left. I liked this kind of work very much indeed; I received the money, deposited it, looked after the accounts.

"When twenty-six years of age, I became engaged to Sarah S. Balch, daughter of William Balch, Newburyport, a shipowner engaged in navigation and the East India business. Was married September 25, 1844, and went to live in a new house just built in Dorchester, and owned by Mr. Edward King, an old and valued friend. After living in his house two years, I built a house quite near on the same street, where your Aunt Alice was born. When she was about six months old, her mother was taken with a mysterious stomach complaint, and by order of her physician went to a water-cure establishment in Waterford, Maine. She left her home, thinking she would be absent about six weeks, but she never returned. Instead, she returned to her father's house, where, after many months of great suffering, she died on the 25th of April, 1848, after a married life of three years and seven months."

In 1843 Mr. Beck became teller in the new concern originated by Mr. William H. Foster, called the "Grocers' Bank." Of this enterprise he writes:

"The bank had to get the charter from the State, and I was instrumental in getting up the bank, because one

of my friends from Newburyport, in the Legislature, had interested himself to get the charter. I was only there a short time. The salary was only about nine hundred dollars, and I was receiving and paying teller. I had over five hundred depositors. At two o'clock, when the bank closed, my work had just begun, as it sometimes took hours to settle my cash. One time I was one thousand dollars short. Of course I felt very badly, but at the end of the month the bookkeeper found a thousand dollars corresponding to it, which offset mine. The bookkkeeper and I had to add up our accounts, and if the two accounts balanced, it was correct.

"After being there about nine months I was offered the cashiership of the Mattapan Bank in Dorchester, without any solicitation at all. None of the directors knew anything at all about a bank. It was necessary then to have one-half the capital in gold, $50,000.00, and that I borrowed myself of Foster, of the Grocers' Bank. This I carted out to the bank in Dorchester; it was counted there by the Commissioners, kept over night, and returned to the Grocers' Bank the next day. I carried on that whole bank for about two years, and then I had an offer to go back into my old business as wholesale druggist and dealer in window glass with Banker & Carpenter, of 103 State Street, who carried on a large business in importing window glass from

Germany. I was special partner in the concern. Here I remained four years, and then sold out my interest to a Mr. Emerson, a wealthy shoe manufacturer, the father-in-law of Mr. Carpenter. I had now worked unremittingly for twenty years, and I thought myself entitled to a vacation."

CHAPTER FOUR

FREDERICK BECK (Continued)

WE now come to the more interesting period of your grandfather's life, when, relieved in part from the sordid details of business, he was able to devote himself to those higher interests which his taste had always craved. Travel, books, people, beckoned to him with insatiable force, and after so many years of enforced and faithful service to his family, he was at last enabled to satisfy his heart's desire.

A trip to Europe was a much larger undertaking fifty years ago than it is now. Travel was more or less hazardous and expensive, and to cross the ocean was an event greatly looked forward to. Your grandfather's diary records that he sailed from Boston for Liverpool in the steamship "America" of the Cunard Line, Captain Laing, at about 3:30, June 7, 1854. His stateroom companion was James T. Fields, the well-known author and publisher, who, however, did not continue to be his fellow-traveler, for, being violently seasick on his way down the bay, Fields gave up his passage and returned by rail from Halifax. The voyage was pleas-

ant, though foggy. Much time was passed in reading the books which Fields had provided and left in the stateroom. From Liverpool, Mr. Beck went to Chester, visiting the cathedral, thence to Birmingham and London, where he stayed at the "Golden Cross," Charing Cross, for a few days, and then at 41 Craven Street, where he remained until he left for Paris on July 19. While in London he visited the British Museum, St. Paul, Westminster Abbey, the Docks, the Tower, Hampton Court, Windsor Castle, and Hyde Park. He saw Mario and Grisi in "Lucretia" at Covent Garden, when the Queen was present. Paris, Mr. Beck found in preparation for the coronation of Napoleon III.—superb decorations everywhere. He spent several weeks pleasantly, sightseeing and dining with friends. Geneva he found delightful, especially the trip to Chamonix. He writes:

"We dined at Sallenches, where we got our first view of Mt. Blanc. It was a splendid day and we were most fortunate. The diligence left there at two o'clock and we took a small vehicle for Chamonix. Cheever and I, however, walked most of the way. Never shall I forget the descent into the valley about five o'clock, after such a magnificent walk."

The next day the travelers made the trip up the Mer de Glace, and, the day after, up Brévent, to get the view from the opposite side of the valley. By way of

the Tête-Noir pass, Mr. Beck and Mr. Cheever came to Martigny, and the former speaks of it as one of "the most beautiful experiences I ever had." Then, by way of Chillon, Lausanne, Berne, and Thun, they went to Interlaken, then over the Wengern Alps to Grindelwald and Meiringen, thence to Lucerne, Basel, and Heidelberg. This finished Switzerland for the time. The next cities of interest visited were Cologne, Antwerp, Brussels, and Paris again. Here Mr. Beck heard the wonderful Rachel as Pauline in Corneille's "Polyeucte," and again in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," theatrical pleasures which his grandchildren may read about but never experience. On September 19, Mr. Beck again started south, this time for Italy. His route was by Dijon, Geneva, Lausanne, Brieg, Domo d'Ossola, Sorrento, Pallanza. He visited the Italian lakes and the cathedral at Milan, and saw Leonardo's "Last Supper." He writes with enthusiasm of Lake Como and Lake Maggiori, of Cadenabbia and the Villa Tagliona. From Milan to Verona, to Venice, where he swam in the Ledo and visited the marvelous palaces and churches of the city in the sea. From Venice to Padua, where they were in quarantine for six days, but spent the time pleasantly visiting galleries and dining with Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Appleton. Thence to Ferrara, to Bologne, where Mr. Beck suffered a sharp attack of illness, lasting four days. On the way from Bologne to Florence

the party met swollen streams and were obliged to be carried across on the backs of men. Fifteen delightful days were spent in Florence, going thence to Leghorn, Genoa, Turin, and Lyons; back to Paris, where Mr. Beck arrived the 11th of November, 1854. More Paris experiences followed: grand opera, calls and dinners with friends, comic opera, drives, and visits to galleries of paintings. On November 24, he reached his old lodgings, in Craven Street, London, and sailed for home on November 29, on the steamship "Pacific," Captain Nye.

Thus were your grandfather's longings for the stimulus of the great outside world satisfied. He came home to work and friends and books with a new zest. His taste for reading had been increased by his foreign journeys. He chose always the best in literature, and it had a marked effect on all his later life. I can do no better than to quote his own words about the books he loved and read:

"I have always been a lover of books, and think that nothing so ornaments a house as a choice library; but I am no book-worm. In early years, my measure of the value of money was as to how many coveted volumes it would buy.

"I suppose there is no book but has some influence, however feeble. I was once imprisoned in an old inn in Italy, kept by a dirty German, where I was compelled,

through sickness, to stay a week. The one book in my possession was a copy of Cobbett's French Grammar—pretty dry fodder for a sick prisoner, one would suppose; but I found it extremely interesting and instructive, and it served to while away the long, tedious hours full as well, I am sure, as a better book could have done. * * *

"In 1838, George Combe visited Boston and gave a series of lectures on phrenology, in the old Masonic Temple. He was a typical Scotchman, dry but instructive. I took no stock in his phrenology, but he uttered much collateral wisdom in connection therewith. * * * He was the author of a book on 'The Constitution of Man in Relation to External Objects.' This book, now nearly forgotten, had a great and lasting influence on me. By it I learned the laws of nature are immutable and inviolable; that neither prayers nor sacrifices can avail to divert or arrest their course; that the moral, physical, and organic laws are independent in themselves, each requiring obedience to itself. He illustrates this doctrine by saying that the most pious and benevolent missionaries, sailing to civilize and Christianize the heathen, if they embark in an unsound ship, may be wrecked by disobeying a physical law, without their destruction being arrested by prayers to God, or by their moral excellence. On the other hand, if the greatest masters of iniquity were embarked in a staunch

and strong ship, and managed it well, they would escape drowning under circumstances exactly similar to those which would send the missionaries to the bottom. All this seems to us now very trite and commonplace, but at that day they were considered monstrously blasphemous by the general public. The idea of law, universal, invariable, and persistent, was entertained, at that time, only by a few of the advanced thinkers in the world. * * *

"In the same line with Combe's natural laws did I find Samuel Bailey's 'Essay on the Formation and Publication of Opinions.' This came to me just after the headachy jangling of Coleridge's metaphysical obscurities. Bailey seemed to me the most convincing reasoner I had met up to that time. He wrote with a crystal clearness and with an irresistible logic. His cardinal idea is that belief is involuntary, that is, necessitated, and that it is always best to give the utmost freedom to the publication of opinions, that neither fear nor policy should suppress them. Much of my after reading has been along this same line of thought. It is expanded and illustrated with masterly ability by Herbert Spencer, who is another of my *grand masters*. I might say his writing formed an epoch in my thinking world. He set at rest forever many disturbing and perplexing enigmas of my early days. His 'First Principles' and his 'Synthetic Philosophy' I enjoyed when

I first read them more than I would have a popular novel; and to-day I can read them with a fresh and increased delight. He is the fairest controversialist I have ever encountered. Without passion, without dogma, without prejudice, with perfect fairness and encyclopedic attainments, he conducts his controversy. He states his argument: 'The matter of which concerns each and all of us more than any other matter whatever. Though it affects us little in a direct way, the views we arrive at must directly affect us in all our relations; must determine our conceptions of the universe, of life, of human nature; must influence our ideas of right and wrong, and so modify our conduct.' His 'ultimate religious ideas,' his 'ultimate scientific ideas,' and 'the relativity of all knowledge' seem to me marvels of dialectic skill, utterly beyond controversy. The conclusion to his 'ultimate religious ideas,' that 'the basis of reconciliation between religion and science must be the widest, deepest, and most certain of all facts,' that 'the power which the universe manifests to us is utterly inscrutable,' is the foundation stone of all my philosophy, of all my religion. To this extent have his books influenced me. His book on 'Education' I consider the ablest and most comprehensive of any that have appeared on this subject in this generation, a text-book which every family might study with great profit. * * *

"I first heard of De Quincey through some old London magazines that one of my family had brought from the West Indies as reading matter during the voyage. His 'Confessions of an Opium Eater' first appeared in this magazine, and very fascinating reading I found it. A marvelous writer I thought him then, and still think of him as one of a thousand. He is a special favorite of mine, a man of vast and comprehensive learning, a master of various styles; with an imaginative faculty, the wonder of his contemporaries, he appeared to me as almost superhuman in his attainments. His 'Confessions' imparted to me somewhat of the wondrous dreamlike intoxication of that fascinating and dangerous drug. I was the opium-eater—a phantom self—and partook of his exaltation, his dejection, and despair. But his sequel, his '*Suspiria de Profundis*,' took me by storm. To this day, I consider the 'Lavana and our ladies of sorrow,' which is an episode on the 'Suspiria,' as a composition hard to match in English literature. It may have a strong flavor of opium in it; well, then, many thanks to opium for such a creation of delight.

"De Quincey was a great admirer of Wordsworth, whose neighbor he was for some years. He has written much in his praise, but denounces him for his filthy and barbarous practice of cutting the leaves of a new book with a greasy butter-knife. The book was one belonging to De Quincey, who was not much disturbed

by this vandalism, as he could easily replace it, and he says he mentions it only to illustrate the excess of Wordsworth's outrages on books, which made him, in Southey's eyes, a mere monster.

"De Quincey recalls Coleridge, who was an intimate

DRAWING ROOM AT 43 DAVIS AVENUE, BROOKLINE

contemporary with him. I was surprised to find so many of the writers in the *Forum* and *British Weekly* speaking so highly of Coleridge as an aid to their reflections. I took a course of Coleridge in my salad

days, and, for a time, thought I had obtained the *open sesame* of his occult metaphysics. Coleridge was a basilisk. Like his 'Ancient Mariner,' he stoppeth the young student in his aspiring ambitions and holdeth him with his glittering eye, while he pours forth a torrent of subtle and eloquent obscurity, dazzling and dazing him. I found his philosophical writings too much tainted with theological disquisitions, and I soon switched off from his metaphysics and took refuge in his poetry, wherein he is a supreme master.

"Above and beyond all other authors, Emerson has had the greatest influence on my life and life thoughts. I fear I may be thought extravagant in my estimation of this man; but I write with deliberation, knowing well the danger of extravagant encomium. My admiration for him has steadily grown from the time I first met him in his little book called 'Nature,' up to the present hour. I don't remember how I stumbled on this little volume of 'Nature.' I like to think it was Fate that blindly thrust it upon my notice; if so, it was a very kindly Fate. I paid seventy-five cents for my copy; some years ago I sold the same for fifteen dollars. * * *

"A prominent place in my library is occupied by the works of Walter Savage Landor. He is an author to *study* as well as to read; a grand master of learning, of style, of taste, of poetry, and prose. Unfortunate the

man or woman who is unacquainted with this large-minded and elegant scholar. In *manners* at times a ferocious bulldog, and at times a model Chesterfield; in *mind,* a noble Roman, a classical Grecian, a true Englishman—one who has extorted praise, full and ample, from Emerson. Make his acquaintance, is my advice to all who know him not. * * *

"To mention Emerson is to recall his friend, Carlyle, who marks another era in my mental life. His 'Sartor Resartus' was a prodigious astonishment to me. I read it with wonder that it should be the production of mortal man. * * *

"His works will live, splendid monuments of a most wonderful genius, while oblivion will kindly obliterate his personal shortcomings, his irascibility, his arrogance, spleen, and general demoralization. Then will remain his 'French Revolution,' 'Cromwell,' 'Frederick,' 'Schiller,' and the 'Essays.' * * *

"One of my great favorites was, and still is, Charles Lamb. I began quite early to love him—a far more lovable and interesting character than Carlyle, who spitefully maligns him in one of his fits of ill-nature. Lamb's peculiar and inimitable humor had a background of tragic and lifelong sorrow, illustrating the force of Hood's lines:

> " 'There 's not a string attuned to mirth,
> But finds its chord in melancholy.'

"There is no more delightful and wholesome book in English literature, I think, than 'The Essays of Elia.' They are a perennial enjoyment to me. I am pleased to think that they have neither helped nor influenced me, in any technical sense, for they were not written for instruction, reproof, or godliness, but are the simple outpourings of a genial, witty, delightful, and loving soul, whose memory I cherish as a personal and dear friend, so human and natural are his 'Recreations,' erstwhile miscalled his 'Works.' * * *

"There are two works that have had rather a late influence on me, having first appeared only a short time ago comparatively, namely, 'The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam' and 'The Light of Asia,' by Edwin Arnold. The first named of these poems, when it appeared, seemed to me like Keats at the peak of Darien, who felt like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims within his ken. Although written nearly a thousand years ago by a Persian poet, it sounds as though written by an English contemporary, its thought is so modern, yes, and so ancient, for the topics it deals in are of all time and for all peoples; the mystery of life, the problem of evil, the joy of living, the pleasure of the senses, the fascination of the wine-cup, the thraldom of beauty, and running through the poem a thread of sadness that all this must soon end, and that, one by one, we must at last 'creep silently to rest.'

"The whole poem is very largely in the minor key, and the mere recital of it produces the effect on me of a dead march by Rossini or Mozart, in its majestic solemnity, and I am never tired of repeating the significant and wondrous lines, for which, perhaps, we are as much indebted to Edward Fitzgerald, the translator, as to Omar himself.

"Very different in tone and structure is the 'Light of Asia,' a special favorite of mine. It has influenced me somewhat as a symphony of Beethoven influences—uplifting, inspiring, 'melting the stout heart in tenderness away.' Do what I will, I cannot read the relation of the young, dove-eyed mother beseeching Sidartha,—and beseeching him in vain, to give a healing remedy to the babe already dead within her arms,—without an aching at the heart.

"If I have omitted to mention the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton, it is not because I do not read them, but because these three bear witness upon earth sufficiently without my petty acknowledgment. They will stand by themselves, monuments of man's divinity and inspiration, 'till the great globe itself, and all which it inherits, shall dissolve.' Time fails me to tell what a heavy debt of gratitude I owe 'these benefactors of mankind.'

"The last book that has influenced me is a portentous work which confronted me at the Boston Athenæum a

few days ago. The work is comprised in two huge black volumes, containing over fifteen hundred pages octavo, and labeled 'Dogmatic Theology.' It loomed up before my vision as a challenge, which I was only too glad to accept. I found it was written by Professor Shedd, of the New York Theological Seminary, the same man who wrote that atrocious work on 'Eternal Future Punishment,' which I utilized in a paper read before the club not long ago. This infamous doctrine appears in all its devilish malignity within these volumes, and is served up in the true dogmatic style of theological bitterness, backed by the authority of the Bible—Professor Shedd's fetish; but the doctrine is too horrible for mankind to accept on any authority whatever, and the day is surely coming when it will be drowned out by the rising tide of scientific progress and common sense. Professor Shedd finds, in the doctrine of evolution, his true Apollyon—the apocalyptic beast with flaming nostrils, with seven heads and ever so many horns, and altogether an uncanny creature.

"Evolution is the Bruno statue which the scientists of the age, Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, Wallace, and a thousand other able minds have erected in the marketplace of modern thought. Shedd fulminates against it as arrogantly and as hopelessly as does Pope Leo XIII. against the *Roman* statue of Bruno. He sees that this doctrine is the overthrow of his noble, elaborate struc-

ture of dogmatic theology, and well may he tremble and be afraid."

At the time Mr. Beck left Banker & Carpenter, he was possessed of a moderate competency, and not caring to go into active business again, he became interested in Lake Superior copper mining, and was treasurer of several companies engaged in mining in that district. This involved the necessity of making frequent trips to Lake Superior. For many years he made annual visits to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, usually consuming several weeks in the journey. He continued largely interested in this mining enterprise for some thirty years, and still has considerable interest in this industry.

On the thirtieth day of June, 1859, your grandfather was married to Lucy A. Doane. After journeying several months, they settled in Boston, in a new house in Dwight Street, numbered 46. Here is where your Aunt Edith was born.

After living in the Dwight Street house four years, Mr. Beck then purchased the estate in Brookline, their present home, which they have occupied for thirty-eight years.

Your grandfather was always a radical by instinct. That is, he accepted no opinions because other people held them, especially religious opinions. His family were Unitarians, but there was no definite religious

HALL CLOCK

Which stands in Frederick Beck's hall. Brought from England in 1750. It has been in the family a hundred and fifty years.

instruction in the family. His father and mother early inculcated in him a passion for the truth and a severe moral standard, but religious dogma there was none. He writes:

"My mother was the cause of my first skepticism—she doubted the providence of God only when she saw the suffering of little children, and that has always been the question in my mind, the existence of evil." In this difficulty your grandfather and your great-grandmother are not alone in the world. In the years from 1855 to 1865 there arose a remarkable and widespread interest in spiritualism. This was a theory—possibly it might be called a religious belief—that the souls of the dead could be summoned at the will of a medium, and communication held with them. People who possessed this faculty were greatly in demand, and nightly seances were held in halls or private houses, and messages were supposed to be received from dead friends or from prominent thinkers and writers who had passed beyond. As such a theory touched the very spring of human nature, it is not wonderful what a strong hold spiritualism had upon the devotees who believed in it, and what a furore it caused everywhere in the country! Most extraordinary stories were told of the revelations of spiritualistic media, and people went wild over the manifestations. It was the exclusive topic of conversation in all circles, and no two people could meet on the

street without falling into a discussion of it. There were rappings and table-tippings, voices, hands playing musical instruments, and many things done which so savored of charlatanism that that in itself should have undeceived the believers. Your grandfather was not borne on with this tide of extravagance and superstition. He confesses himself to have been interested and curious, but credulous not at all. He owns that:

"I got very much interested and read a great deal and had a good many seances, but I could not explain this table-tipping and spirit-rapping; there was something unsatisfactory. Among some there was the practice of reading letters, and Anna Parsons, who was a great invalid and older than I was at that time, had that power to a remarkable degree, but she finally had to stop it because it exhausted her strength. She would hold a letter, say of Daniel Webster, and another of a young girl, and would describe their character to a remarkable degree of accuracy. She is still living now, and addressed a letter to some meeting a few days ago. * * *

"I went one morning with Mr. King to see a man who advertised to do very extraordinary things, and we had a seance all the morning. One of the experiments was this: We took a lot of little pieces of paper and wrote on them names, and then we rolled them all up like little pellets and threw them down; we then said,

BACK VIEW OF 43 DAVIS AVENUE, BROOKLINE

'Give me the name of the person I am thinking of,' and he would find it every time. Then we asked to have a manifestation of raising the table, which was a large, very heavy dining-table. He said, 'I do not know as I can do it, but I will try.' After sitting awhile, the table began to start, one end began to rise up, and presently the table went up about one foot above the ground. Nothing was touching the table; the man merely sat still. I had no theory about this matter; it left me just where it found me; I do not think it was sleight of hand. I was once present where the rappings came very distinctly, and I wished they would have them in another part of the room, and the next time they appeared on the mop-board at the extreme end of the room. That answered my suspicions in a way. I do not think it was trickery, but rather some peculiarity of the nervous person who was the medium. There was probably a great deal of trickery mixed up with it, when they charged so much for admission."

Your grandfather's radicalism stood him in good stead in those days. Instead of blindly and credulously following the herd after a cheap novelty with its appeal to the senses, he stood in critical aloofness and lived to see spiritualism laid aside and utterly forgotten like so many other "isms" in the wheel of history.

"I remember," he writes, "the first time I happened upon a passage on freedom of the will; it struck me as

something new, and I think I am just where I was eighty years ago on that point, that we are masters of our fate."

In only one respect was your grandfather an orthodox conformist, and that was in his temperance principles. He owns now to being "extravagant" on the subject of self-indulgence of any kind. He did not learn to smoke until he was twenty-three, and enjoyed it temperately, though as a connoisseur. At one time, when quite a young man, he was reading "Midsummer Night's Dream," and some one presented him with a box of unusually fine Havana cigars. The drama he enjoyed and the cigars he enjoyed, and whether the latter helped his appreciation of the former, or vice versa, he never knew, but he refers to it always as a most delicious experience. As to the habits of drinking in those days, Mr. Beck writes:

"It was the custom at this time to have wines and liquors on the sideboard perpetually, and when a visitor called it was considered the height of meanness not to offer him or her the hospitality of a drink, and very uncivil not to accept said hospitality. If a lady called, she was given cake and Madeira wine; if a gentleman, brandy or old Jamaica. Liquors were cheap in those days. Some of my father's account books show that New England rum cost twenty-two cents a quart, and Jamaica eighteen cents.

"The only agency recognized for the promotion of temperance was altogether of a moral character. No thought of a political or a prohibition movement was indulged in. Public opinion was the only motive considered fit to be employed in this reform. It was not till 1827 that the sale of liquor on the Common was prohibited by the city on the Fourth of July and other holidays. Up to that date there was not the least restraint in selling all kinds of wines and spirits to any one who called for them. Egg-nog was a favorite indulgence with quite young people. In the afternoon of every holiday it was a general drunk, invariably followed by a free fight in the miscellaneous crowd, whilst 'Old Reed,' with his bandanna handkerchief around his neck, would be struggling with drunken sailors to make arrests. It was a pandemonium of high jinks, and the evil finally cured itself by its extreme demoralization.

"I cannot help believing that the cause of temperance has vastly improved during these years. Drunkenness was considered more of a peccadillo than a vice, and when not habitual, was easily condoned by the friends of the victim."

* * * * *

Being of decided views upon all important questions, it is impossible that war, that scourge of humanity, should not have inspired him with horror. His views upon it are as follows:

VIEW OF FREDERICK BECK'S LIBRARY LOOKING TOWARD THE STREET, TAKEN IN 1900

"A word about war, in which the folly and wickedness of this country's waging war against Chili is eloquently portrayed.

"There can be neither profit nor honor, but, on the contrary, only shame and disgrace in such a war, and it would be to the everlasting opprobrium of this government and country should it permit its great powers of destruction to overwhelm and destroy our weak little South American sister republic.

"The wise Erasmus wrote his 'Complaint of Peace' more than four hundred years ago, and it is as pertinent to-day as when he wrote it. He says: 'Many real injuries and insults must be connived at. Men must not be too zealous about a phantom called "national glory," often inconsistent with individual happiness. There are occasions when, if peace can be had in no other way, it must be purchased. It can hardly be purchased too dearly if you take into account how much treasure you must expend in war, and, what is of infinitely greater consequence, how many human lives you save by peace. There is scarcely any peace so unjust but it is preferable, upon the whole, to the justest war.' This is in conformity with the sentiment of Franklin, who, in a letter to Josiah Quincy, said, 'There never was a good war, or a bad peace.'

"What are our clergymen doing that they do not take up this peaceful refrain of Erasmus, and preach the

reign of peace on earth and good will to men? 'We kind o' thought Christ went ag'in war and pillage.' This is of far more importance than preaching about a disputed point in the Scriptures, or arguing about the keeping open of the Chicago Exposition on Sundays. Not one minister, thus far, have we heard who has opened his mouth on this momentous subject, and meanwhile the daily press, the army and navy officers, and the idle rabble of needy adventurers, to say nothing of the Washington politicians, are hounding on the people to the slaughter of human life and the destruction of property.

"Are the latter years of this nineteenth century to witness the gigantic wickedness and folly, and see our great country trailing in the dust that glorious flag of freedom which should wave only over a people too proud to be the tool of the designing politician, the army contractor, and the horde of rascals that follow in the wake of even the most righteous war? There can be no glory even in a wholly successful encounter with this petty foe. 'Take a fellow of your size,' is the brave schoolboy's exclamation to the bully, and it is not an inappropriate exclamation at the present juncture to these United States of America with its 65,000,000 of people, coming from Chili with its 3,000,000. Why not leave our differences to arbitration? The bully says, 'You must first apologize,' pretty much what the wolf said to the lamb, but he ate him, all the same."

One of the Mansion Houses of the Provincial Period of Boston

THE FANEUIL PHILLIPS HOUSE

This, built by Andrew Faneuil for his own residence, was afterwards the residence of his nephew, Peter Faneuil (the same who gave Faneuil Hall to the city of Boston), and of Lieutenant Governor Phillips, whose father, Mr. William Phillips, bought it in 1791. The house was on Tremont Street, opposite King's Chapel burial ground. The lot formed the south part of Governor Bellingham's estate on the slope of the hill. "The deep court yard" (says Miss E. S. Quincy in her memoir of her mother), "ornamented by flowers and shrubs, was divided into an upper and lower platform by a high glacis surmounted by a richly wrought iron railing decorated with gilt balls. The edifice was of brick painted white. The hall and apartments were spacious and elegantly furnished. The terraces which rose from the paved court behind the house were supported by massive walls of hewn granite, and were ascended by flights of steps."

Mr. Frederick Beck's grandmother, a widow, married Mr. William Phillips and resided in this house till his death. The hall clock and large chairs were formerly in this house.

CHAPTER FIVE

INFLUENCES THAT SHAPED A LIFE

THERE is an inscription painted high upon the walls of the Cash Register factory where all may see it. It reads, "We are a part of all we have met." This means that we are consciously or unconsciously formed, molded, pushed by the places, people, and books with which we have come in contact. Every new experience gives us a new point of view; every new acquaintance suggests something we had not thought of before; every new book remakes our old ideas. Books were your grandfather's greatest companions, as you know, but there could not help but come to him, from the subtle atmosphere of the men who made the books (and who controlled the best thought of the New England of a generation ago), a stimulus to high thinking and living. One who has lived always away from such influences can best say why this is. To those of us brought up in a middle Western town, with no traditions of culture, no intellectual atmosphere, the life of your grandfather, spent within touch of the great minds of the century, cannot fail to be interesting. The one little incident of

his meeting Elizabeth Peabody whilst walking around Boston Common one day, and her telling him of the engagement of her sister to Nathaniel Hawthorne, gives us a thrill of interest. To us Nathaniel Hawthorne was but a name, or at most a frontispiece portrait at the beginning of a charming book; but your grandfather could be an early confidant of a family affair. Is there any one we know in Dayton who possesses a volume of Emerson upon whose flyleaf is written, "With kind regards of the author"? There is such a volume, "Letters and Social Aims," in your grandfather's library, which speaks of itself for a friendship which he is far too modest to claim.

Among the famous minds that governed thought in New England in the forties, fifties, and sixties, and do still, there were Emerson, Whipple, Thomas Starr, King, James T. Field, Thomas R. Gould, O. A. Brownson, Bronson Alcott, Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, William Lloyd Garrison, Rufus Choate, Wendell Phillips, the Higginsons. These men your grandfather knew more or less well. He had heard them all lecture many times. Some he had met only casually; some were on intimate terms at his house. And when we read your grandfather's essays and letters, when we have heard him talk, we know that it is most true that he certainly is "a part of all he has met."

With this in view, there are here appended some of

Mr. Beck's memoirs of the men he knew. Of Wendell Phillips he wrote: "I knew him personally as a whole-souled, noble-minded, polished gentleman of most engaging manners and marvelous personality. I cannot speak too highly of him, as one could never know his full attractions who has not heard him speak in Faneuil Hall, but he never spoke there except on great occasions. On lesser occasions he employed the lecture room, where he shone without a rival.

"Major Henry L. Higginson, the author of 'Four Addresses,' has my most unqualified and enthusiastic admiration. He is one to 'do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.' He is the most popular man in Cambridge and least self-asserting. He has poured out his wealth like water, always for the benefit of his kind, and making no fuss about it. President Eliot would be the first to sound loud and long his encomium.

"Longfellow I did not know personally. I have met Julia Ward Howe and been introduced to her on three several occasions.

"I used to see a great deal of Mr. Whipple. He was very witty in conversation, continually bursting forth into good things. When Mr. George Comb was lecturing on phrenology he visited a private school and saw a lad with a great head, and he prophesied great things for him, but in after life he did not turn out very well, and Whipple said of him that 'heaven had lied about

him in his infancy,' instead of 'heaven lies about me in my infancy,' as Wordsworth has it. He was overrunning with wit all the time. He was a ready talker, he lectured, but he was not a scholar in that he was not a college-educated man; not a scholar after the model of Erasmus, the fifteenth century type.

CARVED MAHOGANY ARM CHAIR

Brought from England in 1750, and been in the Beck Family a hundred and fifty years. It is now in the library of Frederick Beck, Brookline, Mass.

"I was very intimate with Thomas R. Gould, the sculptor. He went from here to Italy and died. He married the same day, June 7, that I went to Europe with Fields. Fields was a very fastidious man, extremely nice in dress and appearance. He had not so much culture as Mr. Whipple, but he wrote a very good poem called 'The Owl.' Fields was not much of a writer or author. He lived on Charles

Street, overlooking the Charles River, on the left-hand side as you go toward Cambridge, commanding a fine view of the beautiful Charles River.

"Thomas Starr King and my mother were great friends, for they were both very humorous and he used to come to our house a great deal. He was a brilliant talker; we went to his church, which is now the Hollis Street Theater. I saw a great deal of Starr King, and he used to tell us most amusing anecdotes. He had an Irishman for a sexton whom Mrs. King did not like because he got a great many of Mr. King's good clothes. When Mr. King had a portrait painted, he said to him, 'Jimmy, should not you like to come in and see my portrait?' and when the Irishman saw it he exclaimed, 'Oh! 't was a great mechanic did that, your honor.'

"Gould, the sculptor, lived at 80 Pinckney Street, and used to delight in having great numbers of his friends about him. He used to spend his afternoons making busts of his friends, and finally got to making more ambitious work. He was acquainted with Mr. Seth Cheney, the sculptor, and he influenced him to turn his attention to sculpture. The first thing he attempted was the head of Jove, and finally he decided to go to Italy. He had two boys, and they had the finest education possible. They were an ideal family. He passed several years in Italy, and finally built a villa there.

"I knew Mr. Alcott; went walking around the Common with him many times. By the way, this walk around the Boston Common was a favorite promenade with all classes.

"I took no part in the Abolition movement; I ignored it until the war came. At the time that William Lloyd Garrison was publishing his paper I very seldom saw him except in the street. I did not agree with him for this reason, that he wanted to divide the South from the North, and I took the ground that we had better have the Union with slavery. He said, 'Let the South go away from us.' His idea was to dissolve the Union. Mr. Greeley, of the *Tribune,* said during the war, 'Let our erring brethren go!' But how could we have had anything but continual warfare if we had?

"I heard Daniel Webster in Faneuil Hall. His presence was enough to fill the hall, to say nothing of his voice. He had a very overpowering presence. I saw him after the last time he spoke at Faneuil Hall. He was riding in a landau, the most careworn man I ever saw in my life. He realized that his game was up, his last hope of the Presidency was gone. This was a very short time before he died.

"O. A. Brownson I knew as a radical. I heard him preach for one year, every Sunday, twice a day, in a little hall where Temple Place led into Washington Street. Temple Place was a closed court which led

down a flight of steps to Washington Street, and abutting these steps there was a little hall, and in that hall he used to preach. He often came to my mother's to dine on Sundays. He was a very interesting talker and a very eloquent speaker; he spoke entirely without notes. He would begin without hesitation, and without repetition would complete a sermon that you could print. He was radical to a great degree, but he gradually changed from radicalism to catholicism. Father Haecker told me, himself, that he was in high standing in the Catholic Church. They pensioned him (O. A. Brownson), giving him $1,000.00 a year, and he wrote for the Catholics very abundantly and very strongly. I never could assure myself how much of a Catholic he really was, but one might think from his writings that he was the soundest of Catholics. He edited the *Brownson's Quarterly.*"

Among your grandfather's reminiscences of Emerson is the following: "As I listened to his marvelous lectures, a young man of seventeen years, my great desire was that I might help him or benefit his future in some manner. I could not imagine how, when, or where this opportunity might appear. It was a vague and supreme hope, mysterious, but attractive. After waiting sixty years the opportunity appeared, verifying, although late, the old adage—and my boyhood's dream was realized.

"Emerson was not one to disregard a favor, however slight. He called at my office and invited me to pass the day and dine with him. This white-letter day dawned at last, and I was duly landed in Concord, where at the station I found Emerson and his wagon awaiting me. His first question was, 'Where is your good wife?' I replied, she had not been invited. This *contretemps* seemed to disturb him, so we made arrangements for another visit in the near future when my wife should be represented in Concord, and the Fourth of July, 1875, was the day agreed upon for my second visit with my wife. A day or two before this date I wrote Emerson a note, recalling the circumstances, and the next day received a very pleasant note from Mrs. Emerson, stating he had gone to New Hampshire and would not be home for several days. I soon after received the following note, given here in full:

"'Concord, July 7, 1875.

"'My dear Mr. Beck: I cannot tell you what mortification I suffered last night on my return from my prolonged journey with my daughter in the New Hampshire mountains, when my wife informed me that I had failed in my engagement to you!

"'I had promised to give the retiring class of the New Hampton (N. H.) Academy their annual lecture on the evening before their Commencement. I knew

little of the school except that it was not far from the mountain regions, and my daughter Ellen, who always goes with me when I travel, entered heartily into the project of the journey, which would lead us to the Notch, to the Flume, Franconia, etc., none of which points she had seen. Then I write seldom in these days, and a lecture was to be prepared, not too old or too dull, and that the day, 30th of June, was the very day of Harvard Commencement and of the election, wherein I had special interest in certain candidates—Phi Beta Kappa must be sacrificed.

" 'It was too late to repent. We must go, and went. The New Hampshire Academy or college held us also on the day following, which was their Commencement. We must speak there, too, and badly, but we managed to reach Plymouth that night, climbed the hills and gathered strawberries. The next morning on the hills, and reached the Flume House before night. I had seen nothing of the local wonders for forty years. They were far better than I remember it, and day and night were too charming to think of aught else. We reached Fabyan's the next night, but the rain would not let us behold the Profile Rock as we passed it, or hear the voices of the Echo Lake, and even those of Fabyan's, which I well remembered in my youth, were now recusant to the horn blower, when we were persuaded to go out and wake them. Thence to Crawfords,

thence the next day to Wolfboro, etc., and I never remembered my engagement for Fourth of July till my wife at home last night scored me with my broken faith.

"'I shall come to you quickly to ask forgiveness and a new day. Yours penitently,

"'(Signed) R. W. Emerson.'

"One can imagine with what cordiality and kindness we were received and entertained by this *penitent* host. He and his wife were profuse in their welcome. We were shown over the house to see the improvements made since the fire. Mrs. Emerson was not altogether a stranger to me. Twenty-eight years previously, in 1847, I had traveled from Waterford, Maine, a one day's ride, to Portland, on top of a stage coach, one beautiful summer's day, and we had conversed almost uninterruptedly. George Sands' novel of 'Jacques' had recently been published, and this was the subject of great interest to both of us. The only remark I recall of her conversation was this: 'I had rather be the mother of twelve children with not a meal to give them, than to be a Shaker woman.' So important and sacred did she estimate the state of maternity. The horse and wagon were brought to the door and were loaded down with five souls, including Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, their daughter Ellen, and the two guests. We drove to the

'Minute Man' by the Bridge. As I involuntarily repeated the couplet cut in the stone,

> "Here once the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard 'round the world,"

Mrs. Emerson exclaimed, 'Oh, dear! how tired I am with hearing this everlasting line!' It was a slight damper to our spirits, but was soon forgotten.

"We then drove to the Old Manse, and had a thorough exploration of this renowned structure inside and out. Some years later my daughter Katharine, being an intimate friend of Fannie Ames, whose mother lived in the Old Manse by virtue of family connection, was a frequent visitor here, and was allotted the room in which Hawthorne composed his 'Scarlet Letter,' for her occupation and use.

"After we returned to Emerson's house we were pressed, even strenuously, to take tea and pass the night at this renowned habitation; but home engagements would not warrant a longer stay, and we would not encroach on such commanding hospitality. The sun of our red-letter day was declining as we parted from this Chamber of Peace, this Palace Beautiful, with a parting salutation from the Master of the Snow, 'Shut up those giving hands.' "

* * * * *

Your grandfather, in writing me on the subject of his friends and acquaintances, quoted Emerson to this

effect: "A sensible man does not brag, and avoids introducing the names of his creditable companions," which goes far to prove the point in the beginning, that a man is part of all he has met. For, with the love of reading and study, the seriousness of purpose, and the large view of life which this association gave your grandfather, comes also the fine spirit of self-forgetfulness and modesty which is characteristic of New England thought and speech. Your Grandfather Patterson was a part of all he had met in Kentucky; no less of the threatening wilderness and the life of hardship than of the strong pioneers by whose side he fought the Indians and with whom he sat in the legislature and the courts. Your Grandfather Beck lived in an atmosphere of refinement and culture created by the best thinkers of the day. He also and therefore was a part of what he had met.

* * * * *

Among the influences which shaped a life may always be counted as the first, the mother. Mrs. Sarah Hannah Alleyne Beck was a most beautiful character, one whose children "rise up and call her blessed." The following is a sketch of her by her son:

"My mother was born in Milton, Mass., August 24, 1795; was married to Frederick Beck, January 2, 1816, and went to live with her husband's mother, Mrs. Phillips, the widow of William Phillips, a prominent Bos-

ton citizen. Mrs. Phillips had bought the estate, then numbered 44 Warren Street, now (1905) numbered 68, and spent considerable sums in improving it. My mother lived in this house for half a century, and was buried from it at the age of seventy. Her occupancy of it was almost continuous during this whole period. She seldom went from home, and when she did go, it was for a very short time. She had six children, three boys and three girls, and having been left a widow when thirty-six years of age, with quite a limited income, and her oldest child a girl not thirteen years of age, a pretty strict economy in the household outgoes had to be practiced, and we all fully appreciated that wise apothegm of Lord Bacon amplified by Emerson, 'Virtue, like the diamond, is best plain set—set in lead, set in poverty.' and we were told to 'beware of unmixed prosperity,' and therefore were not

SARAH HANNAH BOIES ALLEYNE
At Twenty
Great-Grandmother of Frederick and Dorothy Patterson

looking for prize packages to come unexpectedly into our lowly household.

"My sister, Anna Alleyne, was born in the old Warren Street house, December 26, 1829. She was the youngest of six children. As a child she was very beautiful, and she retained her beauty to a remarkable degree, to her full development. She had dark blue eyes, chestnut curly hair in abundant ringlets, a fine complexion, the sweetest disposition, and a beautiful soft voice. She was a universal favorite with all our family connections and friends. At this time my mother's married sister, Mrs. Chickering, with her family of six children, moved to our neighborhood and increased the liveliness of our household. Many were the pleasant reunions which took place with our attractive cousins, and this lovely intimacy continued unbroken all our lives."

ANNA ALLEYNE BECK

* * * * *

The subjoined sketch, bringing Mrs. Beck's character into light, is included by desire in this history.

It is called *"A City Idyl."*

"Sometime, about forty years ago, there appeared one beautiful spring morning at the front door of a city residence a young Italian girl nineteen years of age, of surpassing beauty. Her name was Felicia.

"This city residence was a hospitable looking mansion fronting the south, with an attractive garden of trees, grass, and shrubbery surrounding it. It was the residence of the writer's mother for nearly half a century. She was a woman of much benevolence and sympathy, and, seeing the approach of this young stranger, hastened to the door to greet her personally, forestalling the anticipated request for assistance.

SARAH HANNAH BOIES
ALLEYNE BECK

"This young girl, although dressed in rather unattractive clothing, and unable to speak one word of English, won my mother's heart at once by her pantomimic expressions that she was hungry. She was immediately welcomed with all the cordiality of a sympathizing mother, invited into the dining-room, and served with a substantial meal, for which she could find no way of expressing her gratitude but by kissing the hands of her benefactress and shedding a few tears.

"This Madonna of the Italian quarter departed, leaving a trail of her wondrous beauty and mellifluous language to serve as a source of interest to our whole family, who shared their mother's sympathy for this unexpected guest. A few days later this vision reappeared, encouraged by our evident sympathy, and rehearsed her former pantomimic expressions, with the same results. Her visits were repeated at intervals for some weeks, and then suddenly ceased. This unaccountable absence of our mysterious and attractive protégée, in whom we all felt the deepest interest, caused us some disquietude; but after a short time other interests intervened and she was in a measure forgotten, when one bright morning she reappeared, this time in the guise of a Madonna and child, for she held in her arms a most beautiful babe a few weeks old, and in the background of our garden stood her husband, a fine-looking, stalwart young man, who could speak a little broken English, and who explained their situation. They were recent immigrants from 'Fair Italia,' landing here without resources, and his first industry was a hand-organ enterprise, from which he realized a very scant income, and the young wife, anticipating the need of some sympathetic friend in her coming trial, and really suffering from hunger, struck out boldly and was successful. The lady bountiful was only too delighted to welcome back her truant peri and her wondrously

beautiful little boy babe. They were at once installed within the mansion, and baby clothes and linen brought out from the recess where were deposited the abandoned articles of clothing, outgrown by the six children of the lady B. That 't' is more blessed to give than to receive,' was most fully illustrated in this object lesson. The young mother returned home laden with the spoils of baby linen, fine infant clothing, and soft flannel—valuable material for the sequence of babes that were to duly follow the advent of this first sweet little stranger.

"The first thing for us to do was to obtain work for the husband. He was at once employed about the garden and in miscellaneous chores about the place. He was a marvel of strength, of industry, and intelligent action. We soon arranged for him to take the care of the grounds of our friends, and as time went on he attended to the furnaces, the getting in of coal and wood, etc. Every day he grew in value by his faithfulness, integrity, and industry. His power for work was phenomenal. Six feet in height, finely proportioned, this handsome, manly fellow was the admiration of us all. He could enter the costliest drawing-room, remove every article of furniture, bric-a-brac, etc., take up the carpet, carry it off, shake it thoroughly, and put it down, restoring all the contents of the room to their right places, without the least injury to any article, and without any assistance.

"He soon was employed as janitor to some of our friends' warehouses—he could be trusted with 'untold gold.' Our confidence in his integrity was absolute. And now they were prosperous and forehanded. We fully appreciated 'the luxury of doing good,' the fruit was so satisfactory. Disregarding all the rules so persistently urged by the charitable associations, not to bestow personal gifts to those in need, but refer all applicants to the headquarters of the society, we were lavish in charity, or, as the new reading has it, love, and it has not failed for more than forty years; but I am anticipating. At this era there were no warnings from charitable societies against promiscuous almsgiving. Voltaire's benevolent quatrain was more in accordance with Lady B.'s sympathetic heart:

> " 'Repondez vos bienfaits avec magnificence,
> Meme aux moins vertueux ne les refusez pas;
> Ne vous informez pas de leur reconnaissance;
> Il est grand, il es beau, de faire des ingrats.'

or, as Lord Chesterfield paraphrased it:

" 'Give nobly to indigent merit, and do not refuse your charity even to those who have no merit but their misery.'

"Misery and babyhood were a double appeal to one who doubted the goodness of Providence only when the sufferings of helpless, innocent childhood made her heart bleed. 'The new-born babe of pity' then over-

mastered her, and her faith in the Fatherhood of God received a severe shock, for she felt that

> " 'The child's sob in the silence curses deeper
> Than the strong man in his wrath.'

"The ministrations to Giovanni and his household continued in a stream of unintermittent benevolence from year to year. There was always a dear little babe appearing or about to appear, that kept the gates of mercy wide open, and soon they counted seven—all huddled together in a poor, crowded, unwholesome alley in the Italian district at the North End. From time to time the whole family were invited to partake of an outing in the lovely grounds of their benefactress; but, as Giovanni's income increased, he provided better quarters for his family, and from one room they moved into half a house in a more airy quarter. But the seeds of consumption were already sown, and a serious lung trouble soon made the condition of the father critical. His employer contributed a sum of money and sent him to the West Indies for a sojourn of some months, but this did not avail, and he returned home to die—brave, patient, and grateful to the last. All his children were educated in our public schools, and turned out well. The first-born, that appealed so strongly to my mother's love, now took upon himself the care of the family, assisted by the other children. He was the trusted employee in a banking house, and, like his father,

was immaculate in honor and honesty. At the present writing he is representing the interests of a large corporation, in which position his knowledge of the Italian language makes him especially valuable. He is now blessed with a wife and six children.

"The intimacy begun forty years ago, is still kept up in a measure. The young Felicia, who, with her lovely babe, plead silently before the benevolent lady for sympathy and help, still lives, a grandmother, and still retains the characteristics of youthful beauty to a remarkable degree. The Lady B., who by her sympathy and love for suffering humanity was worthy of belonging to the tribe of Abou ben Adhem, has long since joined the Great Majority, but the memory of her cheerful self-sacrifice for others, of her large bounty from a scanty income, the hope and buoyancy with which she met many grievous losses, which a long life generally entails, is still cherished, not only by her kindred, but also by those of the poor, the lowly, and the sorrowful who shared her benevolent ministrations in their evil days."

CHAPTER SIX

"A RETROSPECT OF SEVENTY YEARS"

On December 24, 1894, your grandfather read a paper with the above title at a social club in the vicinity of Boston. It contains so much of interest to the rising generation of Bostonians, as well as to his own grandchildren, that it has been thought wise to incorporate it in a chapter of this history. His own words will best tell the record of some of his experiences and betray his grasp of the philosophy of life. He thus begins:

"Seventy years, counting backward, carry us to 1824, when I was about seven years of age. At that time Boston had a population of a little over 40,000; now it claims to have 400,000. Beginning with an area of 783 acres, it is now more than 24,000 acres in extent.

> "'O Earth, what changes hast thou seen!
> Here, where the long street roars,
> Has been the stillness of the central sea.'

Of very few cities can this be said so truly as of Boston. But the changes in its physical aspects are as nothing compared with its changes of manners and customs fol-

lowing the advances in the sciences, the arts, in education, theology, medicine, etc. 'One might say truthfully that the inventions of the last fifty years counterpoise those of the fifty centuries before them.'

"Behold some of the new things under the sun of this nineteenth century, which rather give the lie to the assertion of the pessimistic author of Ecclesiastes, who declares there is *no* new thing under this luminary. Certainly the woman's suffrage question is new. Even Solomon in all his glory would admit that he never thought of giving the suffrage to his seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines. But I shall not enlarge on this irritating subject of the woman question. It will settle itself in due time without my interference. Then there are anæsthetics, which I shall speak of later on, the spectroscope, the ocean telegraph—that prodigy of man's enterprise,—the abolishment of imprisonment for debt, electricity and its various applications, including the telegraph, telephone, phonograph, electrical cars, and the electric rings and baths advertised by the quacks to cure all diseases, and warranted to be the most villainous swindle of the day; the checking of baggage, and the baggage-smasher, for which we cannot be too grateful—the checking, I mean, not the smashing; industrial trusts, including the sugar monster; friction matches, air-tight stoves, the sewing machine, india-rubber shoes, erst called 'gums'; anthracite coal as a

household fuel, type-writing, which threatens to make the accomplishment of letter-writing a lost art; the Sunday newspaper, which so harries the unco righteous; ocean steam greyhounds of twenty thousand tons' capacity; Captain Booth's Salvation Army, and its beneficent workings; the classic game of football, as improved by the latest decision of the faculty that all bets are off if the opposition makes a foul. All these glorious products are of the new dispensation, embraced in my retrospect, and most of them, as you will observe, are the fruits of science exclusively.

"ANAESTHETICS.

"The most valuable and important discovery in this half century, beyond all question, is undoubtedly that of anæsthetics. The horrors of the surgeon's knife have been absolutely placated by this benignant agency, and hundreds of thousands of sufferers throughout the world have blessed this truly marvelous discovery. I shall not enter upon any controversial discussion as to whom should be accorded the honor of this splendid revelation, but after much careful study of the matter I am compelled to assert, dogmatically, that Dr. William T. G. Morton should wear the amaranthine crown due to him who opens 'the gates of mercy on mankind' and bids them enter into peaceful rest. He solved the problem with absolute success which he had publicly

announced many years before as his aim and object in life, and worked it out triumphantly, on the line of the Baconian philosopy; namely, veritable experiment. The door is now closed to every other claimant absolutely. I am aware that Emerson claimed for his wife's brother, Dr. C. T. Jackson, with a great deal of pertinacity, this amaranthine crown; but in these matters brothers-in-law do not count as against irrefragable evidence to the contrary.

"IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

"The poor debtor's oath is quite a modern innovation in our economical evolution. Imprisonment for debt lasted till about 1831. All kinds of evil were predicted to follow from its abolishment. The pulpit took part in the controversy, generally on the humane side. I have heard masterly sermons from Rev. John Pierpont against this imprisonment, and Whittier wrote a poem called 'The Prisoner for Debt,' which is not, however, in his best vein. Insolvency was a crime to be severely punished. This was an inheritance from the mother country, where the debtor fared hard indeed. In the year 1825 a trader by the name of Campbell had been declared bankrupt on testimony that he had denied himself to a creditor. Campbell disputed the adjudication and the allegation upon which it was based. Thirteen years afterward, the question whether he had really

denied himself to the creditor who called on him was still in controversy, and remained unsolved even after Campbell's imprisonment and death. During this interval $850,000 of his property had been received by the assignees, but not one cent had reached his general creditors, while $250,000 had been expended in costs. This is about as bad as the receivership of some of our bankrupt railroads—say the Atchison or the Union Pacific, where most of the net earnings go to the receivers, the stockholders being so many Campbellites, who never denied themselves to the creditors. So the roads flop from the frying pan of bankruptcy into the fire of receivership, and their last end is worse than the first.

"POST-OFFICE.

"In no more marked manner is our growth in social progress measured than by the change and improvements in our postal service. During this early period, the expense of postage was a heavy tax to most families. It cost eighteen and three-quarter cents to send a single sheet to New York, and twenty-five cents for little greater distances, say to Washington and beyond. There were no envelopes or stamps in those days—prepayment was not obligatory. The amount due for postage was written on the letter in red ink with a quill pen, and when prepaid, was so stamped. It was the custom of many merchants to have their postage

charged, and bills for the same rendered once a quarter. Those who undertook to keep a record of their postage invariably failed in the attempt to make their statement agree with the office, and hence some pretty tall swearing at the rascality of the post-office clerks, enlivened by humorous sallies as to the methods employed by the office to swindle the public. If a letter was forwarded from one office to another, an additional postage was exacted.

ANOTHER VIEW OF FREDERICK BECK'S LIBRARY LOOKING TOWARD THE STREET, 1900

"One letter, addressed to me at Savannah, failed to reach me at that point and was mailed to Boston, costing fifty cents. The same service is now rendered for two cents.

"The great mail route to New York and the South and West was by way of Providence by stage-coach and by boat through Long Island Sound. The stage to Providence was by four-horse coaches, with a change of horses every ten miles, occupying from five to ten hours, according to the condition of the roads. The traveler had to engage his passage by being 'booked' some days beforehand at the office of the company. The coaches generally left Boston at four o'clock in the morning and messengers were sent forward to the residence of the traveler to notify him that the coach would call for him in ten or fifteen minutes.

"Contrast all this with our some twenty trains a day, and completing the journey in two hours. This is but typical of the vast stride made in facilities of intercourse during the last fifty years, not only in the saving of time and expense in the moving of passengers, but to a much greater degree in the transportation of merchandise.

"Anthracite coal as household fuel was in use in my father's house about 1824, he being one of the first to make the experiment of burning stone coal, as it was popularly called.

"We had an open stove inserted in the fireplace somewhat like the well-known Franklin stove. In it was burned Lehigh coal, the hardest kind of anthracite. Many curious persons called at the house—strangers—to see this coal burn, there being numerous skeptics abroad who would only believe by seeing. They were wonder-struck at the marvelous phenomenon of stone coal burning and giving out such great heat. Up to this time our room was warmed by an open wood fire, and fully nine-tenths of the heat escaped up the flue, so it was extremely difficult to keep warm in very cold weather. But now a most delightful heat pervaded the whole room and was kept up all night, a great contrast to the old dispensation, when the fire had to be 'raked up' just before going to bed, to save a remnant of coals with which to kindle in the morning; often no vestige of fire remained, and then the forlorn tinder-box was called into requisition.

"That stove did good service for thirty years without any repairs, and till it was supplanted by the hot-air furnace. This innovation of the anthracite stove produced more solid comfort and satisfaction in our household than did all the other improvements of that day combined.

"Our present form of friction matches is the result of a slow evolution from the old-time tinder-box; perhaps no improvement in our domestic economy is so un-

pretending, and at the same time so important and valuable, as this humble splinter of pine wood.

"For its production hundreds of acres of pine forests are consumed every year, and in its manufacture many thousands of employees are engaged. My early boyhood had a close intimacy with the tinder-box and I made a thorough acquaintance with its barbarous incapacity.

"It was a relic of the primeval man, of the prehistoric age, and its long survival is witness to the innate conservatism of humanity.

"But I must not dwell on this light affair, as weightier matters await us. It is hard to conceive that much improvement could be made on our present facilities for lighting the Promethean fire in our kitchen stoves.

"My tinder-box is closely associated with the festive oysterman. It was the custom during the winter season for oystermen to perambulate the principal residential streets in winter from about seven o'clock P.M. till nine or ten, crying, 'Oys, buy any oys,' which I at first interpreted, 'Boys, bring out your boys,' a formidable invitation to timid youth, especially if they had been naughty during the day. The oysterman carried a four-gallon can, from which he ladled his sales. As I lay awake in bed I would hear the far-off melodious cry, as a faint echo, gradually approaching, increasing

in loudness, till under my window it might suggest Macbeth's 'Sleep no More'; then it would die away, fainter and fainter, like the echoes in Tennyson's Bugle Song, 'dying, dying, dying,' till at last I would fall asleep, lapped into the unconsciousness of the silent oyster. This, too, has passed away, and the oysterman's truly melodious chant finds no echo now in childhood's happy slumbers. This idyl of the oysterman recalls a stream of tender memories which not even the dust of seventy years has been able to obliterate.

"The subject of oysters suggests lobsters. This seafruit, seventy years ago, was plentiful and cheap. It was on exhibition during the day in wheelbarrows stationed at the corners of the principal streets, and the price was fourpence ha'-penny to ninepence for a whole lobster. Most of the subsidiary coinage at this time was in Spanish currency: Fourpence ha'-penny, six and a quarter cents; ninepence, twelve and a half cents: pistareen, twenty cents; quarters, twenty-five cents. The Spanish milled dollars commanded a premium of from three to five per cent., as they were in demand by merchants engaged in the Indian and African trade, as no bills of exchange were then in use for these countries, and the vessels engaged in such trade carried the coin with which to purchase their cargo, for which the ocean pirates were on the sharp lookout, and it was not seldom that they were successful. These pirates have

disappeared under the stress of bills of exchange, and their place has been taken by our landsharks, one species of the 'promoter' class, in company with the 'trusts.'

"In this shadowy procession of childhood's years walk the lamplighter, the watchman, the fireman, old-time figures of the past, no longer discernible. Distance has veiled them in a dim, romantic picturesqueness. Time has clothed them with a majestic stateliness characteristic of antiquity. Let me resuscitate for a few moments these shadowy visions of my early years. First comes the lamplighter with his torch and ladder, generally on the run, literally from pillar to post, a veritable *ignis fatuus.*

" 'Blow high or blow low,
With our torch and our ladder to light we must go.'

is his merry roundelay. It was customary at this time for the lamplighter to present to his patrons, as he called his victims, a New Year's Address, one of which, issued January 1, 1849, and about the last of this brood, I shall have the pleasure of reciting to you:

"Lamplighter's Address, January 1, 1849.

" 'Another year is past and gone;
Some few are sad, but more are merry—
Young Forty-nine was born at dawn,
And Forty-eight is dead—very.

"'Bold Winter comes in icy form,
The storm unpitying pelts.
Some want great fires to keep them warm,
But we want something else.

"'In wars and rumors dire alarms
We fame or blame ne'er have shared;
Our duty yields to purest charms,
Though none e'er knew us scared.

"'Kind patrons, may the coming year
Its richest blessings send
To you and yours, both far and near,
Life's health and wisdom blend.'

"Now this poem, perhaps, is not quite up to the high-water mark of Tennyson's ode on 'The Death of the Old Year,' but it is less objectionable than the Hon. R. C. Winthrop's address to the august Victoria on the fiftieth anniversary of her reign, which appeared in the *Boston Herald* of November, 1894, and, I thought, was somewhat an ill-mannered affair. For the lamplighter's address, the small sum of ninepence was all that was expected, but the custom grew into a fraudulent nuisance, for soon the watchman, the fireman, milkman, swillman, wood-sawyer, and a host of similar worthies besieged our front doors with their frothy doggerel. Then, at last, the householder rebelled and kicked them all out as pestilent fellows, the lamplighter and all the others.

"In our day we have a similar visitation from the police and fireman, who are by no means contented with

a ninepence, but demand two dollars, in reality a forced loan, unwillingly bestowed, and this nuisance ought to be suppressed forthwith. Gas was not introduced for street lighting till 1829, when one gaslight was placed in Dock Square, and so much opposition was met that only twenty gaslights were in the streets five years later, 1834. In 1880, over ten thousand were in use. Now gas gives way to electricity, and will soon be as antique as the old sperm-oil dispensation, and perhaps electricity will eventually be superseded by something else, possibly by faith cure or Christian science.

"The mark of the watchman was his rattle. He was heard, but seldom seen. Two requisites were required of a watchman, a loud voice with which to cry, 'Fire,' and a powerful arm to spring his rattle, which was the night fire alarm of those days, and also the signal to call for help when needed from his brother watchman, who was thus rattled into a prompt awakening from his peaceful slumber. The colloquialism of a man's being 'rattled' when unexpectedly disturbed by any disagreeable agency, probably had its modern revival in this noisy instrument.

"The old-time fireman was a volunteer, generally for the 'fun of the thing.' His engine-house was a kind of club-house, wherein he passed his evenings; sometimes it was put to bad purposes of dissipation, and the rowdy element would occasionally prevail. At an alarm of

fire, all the bells of the city would simultaneously ring, their discordant, clangorous noise being continued oftentimes long after the fire was extinguished; for it was one of the delights of the schoolboy at the first cry of fire to rush to the nearest church and set the bell a-ringing, he being soon reinforced by other boys eager to share in the fun. Meanwhile the 'machine' was being dragged from its lair with a long rope one hundred feet long, by a miscellaneous rabble of men and boys, gradually reinforced by all who felt like joining in the spirit. As the locality of the fire was often unknown, sometimes being at the other end of the city, the preposterous exhibition of two machines running in opposite directions toward each other confronted the spectator. A dead halt ensued, and not until reliable information as to where the fire was did the procession resume its offensive operations. The insignia of the firemen were a leather bucket and a bed key. In addition to the squirting of the machine to put out a fire, there were called into requisition the leather buckets. A double line of citizens was formed to pass along the full buckets and return the empty ones to be refilled at the nearest pump or other water supply. Meanwhile, the authorized fireman, with his bed key, was busy unscrewing the bedsteads in the chamber as preliminary to their salvation. I was an eye-witness at the great Beacon Street fire, which occurred in 1824, when

fifteen houses were destroyed. The contents of the wine cellars were brought out and dumped on the Common, after the looking-glasses and other fragilities were thrown out of the windows and the feather beds carefully brought down stairs by thoughtful volunteer helpers.

"The greatest improvement from that date forward has been in the character of the teachers. Competitive examination had no existence then. Any man who had been unsuccessful in business and was out of employment stood a fair chance for the pedagogic chair, the essential quality of his position being that he should be able to flog his pupils and keep order. Order was the first law in the schoolroom, as it is the first law in heaven. I had for my earliest teacher in writing and arithmetic a man by the name of Fracker, an ex-sea captain, who proved to be of a humorous turn of mind, and delighted in giving nicknames to the boys; one he named 'Pigeon,' another 'Red-top'; 'Bow-legs,' 'Step-lively,' 'Straight-back,' were some of his favorite appellations. He was also of a thrifty nature, and turned an honest penny by selling the boys quills—for in those days steel pens were not—and writing-books.

"Somewhat later on 'Old Clough,' comparatively a young man, was at the head of the grammar department, probably the best hated teacher ever in Boston. He was a veritable Torquemada of the schoolroom. His

was a reign of terror. He was a rigid martinet. From his desk he would glance over the school in a furtive, nonchalant manner, and see a boy in a remote part of the room whispering—a heinous offense. With leisurely indifference he would saunter around the room, watching his opportunity to get behind the guilty culprit unperceived, when, whack would come his hand across the fellow's ears, generally knocking him off his seat, the punishment being more sure than swift, for by this time the pupil had utterly forgotten his delinquency. This same brutality was practiced on a young girl, who was knocked off her seat and had her comb broken. This led to a rumpus with the girl's father, and 'Old Clough' was transferred to the Mayhew School, instead of being sent to the house of correction.

> " 'He never spoilt the child and spared the rod,
> But spoiled the rod and never spared the child.'

"At the time 'Old Fracker' was the usher of the writing department, 'Old O. P.' was the principal. He was inefficiency personified, and the boys took advantage accordingly. The walls of the schoolroom were adorned with specimens of his calligraphy, glazed and framed, mostly spread eagles and flourishes. Copperplate writing was the end sought for, but never attained, and a most undesirable end if attained. In hot weather this dominie wore a calico dressing-robe reaching nearly

to his heels. As he perambulated around the room, examining the boys' writing, some of the wicked ones would spatter ink on his robe, so that it had somewhat the appearance of Hood's Irish schoolmaster's robe:

> "'Nathless for dignity he now doth lap
> His function in a magisterial gown,
> That showed more countries in it than a map.
> Blue-tinct and red, and green and russet brown,
> Besides some blots standing for country town;
> And eke some rents for streams and rivers wide,
> But sometimes bashful when he looks adown,
> He turns the garment on the other side,
> Hopeful that so the holes may never be espied.'

"Not to be too sweeping in my denunciation of the old-time pedagogues, I will mention one teacher who for ability and capacity could not be surpassed by any teacher of the present day. This was David B. Tower, who taught at the Mason Street School in 1830. I learned more, and more thoroughly, in the one year I was under his instruction than in all the previous five years at the Franklin School. Had some duke of a committeeman asked me my history during this period, I should have replied in the words of Viola, 'A blank, my lord.'

"I fear the present generation of school children do not fully appreciate the happy condition of their lot.

"The chronic state of the pupil in my early days was one of deep and deadly hatred toward the teacher, when

he was not openly despised for his inefficiency. All the exercises were hateful tasks, and the sole study was how to avoid them with the minimum of punishment.

"I consider one of the greatest improvements in the present day to be the introduction of singing in our public schools. Had we had this benignant agency in 1825 my lot would have been a happy one in spite of all other drawbacks arising from conflicts with the teacher, and with the addition of gymnastic exercises and manual labor industries, would have completed boyhood's scholastic Elysium.

"THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

"During these ten septenaries some changes have taken place in the religious world. The doctrine of eternal future punishment, so dear to the hearts of Jonathan Edwards and his *confrères*, is no longer so emphatically insisted upon, except by those blasphemous fire-eaters, Joe Cook, Brother Moody, and the Rev. Prof. William T. G. Shedd, who recently wrote several octavo volumes on dogmatic theology, wherein he seems to boil over with ferocious indignation against all those who dare to call in question this horrible doctrine. And it must be admitted, it has quite a large following among our New England divines of the present day. But why say 'New England'? This depraved and infamous superstition spreads all over the country,

particularly in the South, where this pestilent dogmatism is still rife. It dies hard, indeed, and I 'm afraid it will take several seventy years of progress before we can write its obituary. However, I will not enlarge on this unpleasant theme, especially as I have heretofore aired my views fully before the Club in my paper on 'John Bunyan and Eternal Future Punishment.' Almost I was persuaded to become an Episcopalian in my schoolboy days, because that sect kept Christmas as a holiday. The Roman Catholics were the only ones beside who observed it. With all other sects it was utterly neglected as an heretical institution. The shops and stores were open, as were the custom-house, banks, etc. The most utter disregard of the day was the universal custom, with the above exceptions. This was a direct bequest from our Puritan ancestors, who swore by a church without a bishop, as well as a state without a king, both being equally obnoxious. Christmas presents were hardly known then, but Thanksgiving and New Year's gifts were circulated as Christmas gifts are with us at present.

"With all these many valuable improvements in our modern life, one portentous evil is casting its baleful shadow over the land. I refer to the colossal private fortunes that are rolling up throughout the country. Whether these are honestly accumulated or not, the danger is the same. What we counted a large fortune

seventy years ago is regarded now as but a trifle better than poverty.

"The annual expenditure of some families is larger than the whole fortune of quite rich capitalists two generations ago.

"The existence of a plutocracy is a menace to our republican institutions through the corrupting influence of venality. As an object lesson, the recent overshadowing power of the sugar trust to influence Congress in its favor in the tariff legislation is conclusive as to my charge.

"We no longer hear the prayer of Agar uttered by our people, but the strenuous cry of the daughters of the horse-leech. To be poor is to be weak, and to be weak is to be miserable, and to be miserable is to 'draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek,' and thus our plutocrats are justified. But there must come a day of retribution, when justification by this mercenary faith will not prevail against the uprising of a righteous and wholesome agrarianism that shall sweep them from the face of the earth.

"My retrospection of seventy years includes many tragic and painful experiences which I consider ill-timed to mention on this occasion. 'The cruel fellowship of sorrow' invades all homes sooner or later. 'The dusky strand of death' interweaves its black thread across the woof of every mortal's life.

"Out of forty-six members of my class in the English High School—the class of 1831—only four now survive. One by one the forty-two have disappeared into the dark beyond. Of the class of radiant youth, so full of hopefulness, overflowing with vivacious life, with their warm friendships, their generous impulses, their high expectations of what the future would unfold, nothing remains but an eternal silence.

"In view of this lamentable failure of youth's brilliant promise, I am almost tempted to favor the psalmist's declaration and assert that we *do* 'spend our life as a tale that is told.'

"When we review, even in the most cursory manner, the enormous advances that have taken place during these seventy years in everything that conduces to the health, comfort, and welfare of the people, does it not seem that life without all these advantages must have been rather a dreary affair?

"There is no question but that if we were now remanded to the old order of things, with our present knowledge and experience, matters would look rather tame and uninteresting; but the law of compensation held full sway then as it does now, and will do so in the future."

ELEANOR BECK TAPPAN

CHAPTER SEVEN

SOME LITERARY ESSAYS
(*By Frederick Beck*)

In December, 1880, Frederick Beck read a paper on "Sylvester Graham and His Followers," some of which will be of interest, dealing as it does with dietary concerns. Graham was a man of extreme views who played a great part in the world of dietetics about sixty years ago. He was an extremist, of course, and went the way of other extremists in the world. All that remains of the mighty fabric of reform which he instituted in diet and regimen is the bread which bears his name. Your grandfather made a careful study of the theories and influence of Sylvester Graham, and embodied them in the paper from which are culled the following extracts. They are interesting in the light of the history of food crankism, of which the world has been just as full in the fifty years since Sylvester Graham left it.

"There is perhaps no subject on which more twaddle and rubbish have been written than dietetics, theology alone excepted. Graham contributed his full quota to this worthless literature—of grub. For a time he was the 'observed of all observers.' He was mobbed by butchers who feared their craft was endangered by his

mighty eloquence in behalf of vegetarianism. He was overwhelmed with ridicule, lampooned, caricatured, maligned, but he persisted with a dogged and heroic obstinacy till he had converted a large multitude to his way of thinking, including the Hon. F. W. Bird, who at that time had no prefix to his name. What has become of all this mighty commotion? A 'Grahamite' to-day is as rare as a dodo. Graham himself has passed into oblivion, or is recalled only as a voice, unprofitable and barren.

"Sylvester Graham was born in 1794 and died in 1851, at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven—early for one who used to declare publicly that the man who died before he was a hundred years old was a fool and suicide. He believed in the Mosaic record, of the long lives of the early patriarchs—seven, eight, and nine hundred years.

"Graham was somewhat undersized, of a nervous temperament, quick of movement, with a clear, light blue-gray, gray-blue eye, hair like very dry hay, from too much washing, and somewhat scant. He was smooth shaven, had a clear, resonant voice, well modulated, a loud, distinct articulation, an earnest, impassioned manner, in short, was a natural born orator. He was largely endowed with both physical and moral courage. He did not quail before a mob, nor the sneers of the world.

"It is said of him that when studying in Amherst College he was denounced as a stage actor and mad enthusiast, so earnest was he in his elocution and orations, and exhibited such powers to move the hearts of his audience. He had a bountiful supply of self-conceit and vanity. It was simply monumental. I do not believe that Julius Cæsar after the battle of Pharsalia, or that Napoleon Bonaparte at his coronation in Notre Dame, even began to have the cockalorum spirit of proud superiority that Graham had when he stood before his audience of gaping admirers and related the wonderful virtues of bran-bread and cold water. He was not only an enthusiast in this reform, he was a fanatic; he was more, he was a monomaniac.

"In 1835 he delivered twenty-four lectures in Boylston Hall, in elucidation of his system, all of which I attended. These lectures were subsequently written out at length and published in two volumes of six hundred pages each, under the title of 'Lectures on the Science of Human Life,' a very dreary performance, diffuse as the Atlantic Ocean, and his ideas were drowned in floods of superlatives, with enormous repetitions and exaggerations.

"In lecturing he had the whole field of physiology to himself, with no one to dispute his assertions. This was before Liebig's day, and very little was then known of the chemistry of physiology. Many positive asser-

tions of Graham which he uttered *ex cathedra,* in the most dogmatic manner, were conclusively disproved and overthrown by Liebig's teachings. But what a set of sorry followers he had! One would think, to see them, that some graveyard had been resurrected, or at least some hospital of incurables had been disbanded. Dyspeptics of every grade, consumptives, everybody who had an ailment, or thought he had, crowded to his lectures to hear how disease could be vanquished and health and long life reinstated. Graham was the modern Aladdin to these credulous people, who could exchange the old worn-out lamp of life, dilapidated and empty, for the new patent burner, warranted to last a hundred years or more, and filled with inexhaustible stores of health and enjoyment.

"The prominent characteristic of Graham was his gross exaggeration. He painted in too strong colors the evils of our social customs, as well as the benefits of his new system. To hear him talk one would think a person would drop down dead if he drank a cup of coffee or smoked a cigar. The wonder was that any one was alive. He caused his disciples to be ashamed to look a cow or a sheep in the face, they had so wronged these noble animals in past times by indulging in chops and steaks. Graham was always holding up the inducement of a long life as the reward of vegetarianism, as if this were the *summum bonum*, never asking if this

Portrait of Lucy Doane Beck at the age of twenty-two; painted by Richard Rothwell, a famous English portrait painter. Rothwell painted a duplicate portrait, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy, England.

Desk formerly belonging to Frederick Beck, father of the present Frederick Beck.

life of asceticism were worth living on his terms. He did not realize that

> " 'We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.'

"We count time by heart-throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best. And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest. But Graham asserted that it was indispensable to have a slow pulse for a long life, and therefore we should feed on pulse slowly and drink water. He would have our life-blood

> " 'Creep through lazy channels in our veins,
> Dammed, like the dull canal, with locks and chains;
> And moving, like a sick man in his sleep,
> Three paces and then faltering.'

"This system fostered a Miss Nancyism run to seed. To be a Grahamite was to be something more than a vegetarian. Grahamism was an asceticism, formularized and based on a pretended science. 'The Science of Human Life,' as he called it. To be a Grahamite was to rise at four o'clock in the morning, after an unrefreshing sleep on an empty stomach and a palm-leaf mattress, to take a cold bath—in winter breaking the ice; to sit down at the table with a famine appetite and hold it in check by a resolute will till your stomach was appeased by a good deal of cheating, to have the mind

occupied all the time with what you had eaten, fearing you had indulged to excess, and looking forward with impatience to the next meal to repeat the occasion for self-reproach. It was to suffer from chronic hunger, to have the spirits depressed through bodily weakness caused by the absence of accustomed stimuli, to have the flanks fall in and wither, the cheeks grow thin and sallow, the nose to become thin, the eyes weak and rheumy, and the whole man to degenerate into a poor, slinking, folorn, woebegone valetudinarian. The monks of La Trappe are specimens of one phase of Grahamism—as the outcome of a religious mania. They have not even a fake science as a motive for their useless lives, but only superstition, pure and simple; as they never undress, not even in a case of sickness, and of course they never bathe. Grahamites washed themselves to death. So do extremes meet.

"Graham, like Rousseau, was fond of appealing to nature as authority for his dogmas. He compares man, the artificial, with the monkey, the natural, to the great disparagement of the former. The monkey lives on fruits, nuts, etc.; man's teeth and intestines are almost identical in form and structure to the ape's. The monkey never eats carrion—Graham's euphemism for beefsteak; never indulges in those vile compounds, tea, coffee, ice cream, escalloped oysters, etc., *ergo,* man never should. Possibly the monkey in convention

FREDERICK BECK AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN,
FREDERICK BECK PATTERSON AND
DOROTHY FORSTER PATTERSON

assembled might say in reply, Behold, man is made like us in all essentials and is superior to us in the hand-organ business, inasmuch as he is able to compel us to do the grinding; therefore, let us adopt man's diet and live like him.

" 'The lower order of animals,' he says, 'in a pure state of nature, whose food is never subjected to artificial preparations, never have accumulations of tartar upon the teeth, nor are their teeth in any way diseased.' This is all mere assertion. What did he know about it? Did he ever examine the teeth of a few lions or tigers in their native jungle? A writer of authority in the November number of the *Science Monthly* says quite the contrary:

" 'Captive wild animals are more exempt from ailment than those running at large. Consumption is very prevalent among the lions of the Sahara. Tigers have been seen spitting blood, which exhausted them so that they could be approached with impunity.

" 'The wild elephants of South Africa die from diarrhœa or constipation, while their captive brethren are free from disease.

" 'The captive animals receive their food regularly and are carefully protected from inclement weather, while the lions of Africa must go without food for days together and are frequently drenched by terrible rains.' —*Science Monthly for November, 1879.*

"Graham's fallacies arose partly from his theology. He was at one period of his life a Presbyterian preacher and inherited the peculiar dogmas of that sect. He believed in the Garden of Eden and the perfection of the first man, and that we had been degenerating ever since. Adam and Eve commenced housekeeping with eating black Hamburg grapes, Bartlett pears, Hovey's seedlings, mangel-wurzels, pop-corn, etc., and gradually man through his depravity, owing to the 'fall,' descended through various degrees of demoralization until he was finally degraded to accept roast turkey, venison pie, and quail on toast, to say nothing of champagne, Mocha coffee, Tom-and-Jerry, and first Cabanas, and a thousand other depravities indulged in by the unregenerate mortal.

"Our Thursday Club entertainments are about the high-water mark of Graham's disapprobation—not one eatable indulged in which is not tabooed by this dietetic iconoclast. Of oysters he says, that notwithstanding they have been so extensively recommended by physicians, it is nevertheless certain that the Mosaic prohibition of them is well founded. Tea and coffee, he says, are among the most powerful poisons of the vegetable kingdom, and the most mischievous delusion of the civilized world at the present day is the general, unbroken, and universal use of these beverages by male and female, old and young, vigorous and feeble, healthy

and sickly, rich and poor, as means of intoxicating exhilaration. It never occurred to him that this very universality of use was the strongest argument in their favor.

"Graham says: 'Revolting as it may be to ears refined, and shocking as the idea may be to civilized human beings, still the stern truth of physiology (this is one of his favorite cant expressions) compels me to declare that flesh recently killed and eaten entirely raw is least injurious to any animal that subsists upon it.' The tiger, hyena, jackal, children of nature, are precisely of this mind, but imagine the Bird Club sitting down at Young's to a feast of fresh-killed, raw chicken, and snipe on toast uncooked. Flesh soups and broths are his abhorrence. 'I am aware,' he says, 'that physicians commonly order them for convalescent patients, but this is probably one of the reasons that they are not more successful in the treatment of disease, the ignorance of the physiological laws permitting them to allow such a diet.'

"Spices were his particular abomination; mustard, pepper, and ginger were almost as bad as tobacco. He devotes over six pages octavo to the consideration of salt as a condiment, and comes to the conclusion, after a full examination, that salt is not a necessary nor proper article for the dietetic use of man. He thinks the use of it is largely concerned in the production of cancers

and other granular diseases, and is entirely certain that it exceedingly aggravates many chronic diseases, and has little doubt that it increases the liability of the body to diseases of every kind, that it is directly conducive to scrofulous, pulmonary, and cutaneous affections and disorders of the mucous membrane—in short, that it serves to hasten on a premature old age.

"This is a very characteristic and scurvy assault on salt, and well illustrates Graham's extremism.

"Mr. Graham was greatly worried by the Bible argument in favor of flesh-eating, urged by many of his opponents. He spent a great deal of time and strength to overcome this idle opposition. The last years of his life were passed in writing a book to satisfy people that if they chose to eat his bran bread instead of roast turkey, there was no authority in the Bible, properly interpreted, to forbid them.

"He would not presume to say that the sudden loss of Samson's wonderful strength on the cutting of his hair was designed to teach mankind that the cutting of the hair serves to diminish the powers of the body and to abridge the period of life, but certain it is that such is in some measure the effect. This is why the 'come-outers' used to wear their hair long, and it was about this time that 'soap-locks' were in vogue.

"Grahamism was the hot-bed, or, rather, I should call it the 'cold-frame,' in which sprouted numerous

other 'isms.' Perfectionism, non-resistance, come-outerism, and other reforms bit many of its followers. The late Mrs. Horace Greeley, whose husband first met and married her in a Graham boarding-house, was led to suppose that she could by diet and regimen make out of her dear little 'Picky' a greater than Jesus, sinless and perfect. This made her wash the flour of which his bread was made, and to forbid his playing with other children, for fear of contamination. He finally died at an early age, a weak, querulous, precocious little saint, a perfect failure as an experiment in vegetable stirpiculture.

"How different was Emerson's philosophy. 'The midworld is best. Nature, as we know her, is no saint. The lights of the church, the ascetics, Gentoos, and corn-eaters she does not distinguish by any favor. She comes eating and drinking and sinning. Her darlings—the great, the strong, the beautiful—are not children of our law, do not come out of the Sunday school, nor weigh their food, nor punctually keep the Commandments.'

"Then came along another reformer of the Graham school, 'Old Beeswax,' so the profane nicknamed him—Dr. W. A. Alcott, who was the worst Miss Nancy of them all.

"His stronghold was baked apples. Tall, gaunt, and awkward, he shuffled along the streets, a picture of disconsolate woe, with a face bearing a striking resem-

blance to a baked apple, of the wintry species. Graham had taught that much drinking of pure water was bad, and boasted that many of his disciples had been able to live three, four, and six months without taking any kind of drink. Old B. went twelve months better, and kept up this jolly practice of non-drinking for eighteen months, his beloved baked apples furnishing all the moisture necessary to his dried-up carcass.

"That much over-praised pet of the Concord philosophers, Thoreau, patronized the Pythagorean diet. He was a raw apple chewer, and despised the effeminancy of baking them. He was also a good runner, and used to chase foxes and woodchucks. One day he ran into a galloping consumption which carried him off, aged forty-five.

"Nature seems to say, 'No, you don't,' to those ambitious mortals who, in a frenzy of reform, undertake to head her off by filling up the stomach with apples, raw, baked, or dried, and not even a spoonful of water with which to swell them. The matter of running recalls Mr. Norman Taylor, a Vermonter, forty-eight years old, who ran twenty miles in two hours, four minutes, forty-eight seconds; and again in two hours, three minutes, six seconds. He eats no meats, and has not eaten any for several years. Tea, pies, apples again, and custard form his principal nourishment. Surely, here is a splendid triumph for vegetarians. But hold a

moment. This same Taylor was badly beaten by young Murphy, only eighteen years old, who won the O'Leary belt at Madison Square Garden last October 11, making 550 miles in six days. He possessed much greater 'staying powers.' He was fed on beefsteak and toast, his drink being tea and ginger ale, while Taylor came in the last of six competitors.

ALLEYNE COAT OF ARMS

"But as there is always some good in things evil, so Grahamism has a bright side. It is a very cheap diet—almost too cheap. A handful of dried apples for breakfast, a glass of water to swell them for dinner, and no supper (two meals a day is preferable, he says), is hardly an exaggeration of the procedure of some of his crazy followers. Or if a more luxurious diet is clamored for, a bushel of corn meal, unbolted, can be bought for sixty-two and one-half cents, which will furnish aliment (as my friend Doctor Mackenzie calls it) to one person for a month. Young people who hoped to change their condition sometime could anticipate this 'sometime' by being willing to live on small means. It was a Grahamite idea that led the young lady to urge upon her lover a speedy marriage, for the reason that they

could live very well on bread and water. 'All right,' said he; 'you furnish the bread and I will scratch around and try to scare up the water, and we will be married at once.'

"Notwithstanding that Graham failed to establish his new heaven upon earth through the glottis and esophagus, yet he did some good service to men in calling their attention to the fact that health has its laws, and our physical welfare is very largely in our hands. He took but little stock in 'Providential dispensations,' notwithstanding his Presbyterianism. What a man eats, that shall he reap, was the lesson he taught, but he lived before the days of Spencer and Huxley, and could not travel very far on this road. He was impeded by the 'sacred Scriptures.' He knew beans, but did not know evolution. He made war on hot, saleratus bread, on fried steak, and preached cleanliness emphatically. Many of his hearers took their first bath since their birth after hearing his lectures, and his bequest to the nations of his 'bran bread' is a valuable boon, although too often referred to in derision. We have still much to learn in this great matter of food. We are very far from perfection. I look to see immense progress in this direction in the future. The science of chemistry will contribute her wonderful results to improve man's diet. Thus far she has been employed mainly in devising new adulterations to poison his food and cut short his life.

Glucose and muriate of tin in our sugar, oleomargarine for butter, alum and sulphate of copper in our bread, vile imitations of tea and coffee, our spices sophisticated, our milk watered, our meats diseased, and even our carpets and clothing colored with deadly dyes.

"Chemistry will some fine day lend her resources to fight the enemies of man's welfare, and, with her on our side, we shall enjoy in the future her magnificent conquests.

"We are not considering a mystery. The laws of life are simple, plain, and easy to obey. That regimen is the best that makes the mind clear and serene, the blood pure, the breath sweet, and the sleep sound and refreshing, and our whole system a strong and joyous consciousness of delight in all our faculties, mental and bodily, and that is all there is about it."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

A PAPER READ BEFORE A SOCIAL CLUB IN THE VICINITY OF BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1898.

I have long wanted to write a Club paper on Walter Savage Landor; the name itself is redolent of aristocratic grandeur. What is in a name? A great deal. Who would want to write about Lemuel Ely Twigg or Sassafras Johnson?

How many of us here are familiar with Landor's

writings? He is an author better worth knowing than half of the popular idols of the day, yes, the whole of them. There is none to supersede him, none to equal him in his qualities of perfect and forcible expression, of clear and profound exposition, of abundance and originality of thought.

He opens up immense vistas of renowned authors of every age and invites one to partake of the marvelous creations of the foremost intellect and imagination of the mind of man. I place him in my niche of cherished authors, along with Emerson, Spencer, Carlyle, Huxley, Shelley, Byron, and De Quincey. Wordsworth has a somewhat lower niche.

Having myself received so much delightful enjoyment from his works, I would like to inspire you with somewhat of the same interest which I have found in this elegant scholar, who spent a long life of ninety years, seventy of which were devoted to the cultivation and exposition of the highest forms of literature and art.

I was first attracted to Landor by an article in the *Dial*, the quarterly mouthpiece of the Transcendentalists, written by Mr. Emerson in 1842, fifty-six years ago. I shall quote from this article, also from Forster's "Life of Landor" and from Landor himself, in the construction of this paper.

Landor was born at Warwick, England, in the

County of Shakespeare's birth, January 30, 1775, and died in Florence, September 27, 1864. He came from distinguished ancestors. He entered life under happy conditions. To the gifts of breeding and of fortune there were added at his birth the gifts of genius and of strength, but these qualities had been mixed with pride, anger, and precipitancy, to the prejudice of a noble intellect and tender heart.

At the age of four-and-a-half he was sent to school at Knowle, ten miles from home, where he stayed some five years, from whence he was sent to Rugby, where he was soon among the best Latin scholars. He was a greedy reader, and says that Cowper was the first writer who awoke in him the love of poetry. The love of trees, flowers, and places went along with a love of books in the boy.

Thus Landor had acquired in his earliest school-days the power and the habit of writing verses for his own pleasure, both in Latin and in English, which accomplishment remained with him until almost the hour of his death.

His resentful impatience of contradiction and of authority was a fruitful cause of all manner of rebellious trouble with his teachers. He refused to compete against others for prizes or distinctions of any kind, and this haughty characteristic attended him through life. Signs of the same defiant spirit had not been wanting

in his home life, causing an estrangement with his father never afterwards altogether healed.

At eighteen, Landor went to Trinity College, Oxford. His abilities made their impression at the university in spite of himself, but he would never compete for any sort of distinction. He made himself conspicuous by appearing in public with his hair unpowdered, a direct advertisement of Revolutionary sentiments. He was known not only as a Jacobin, but as a "mad Jacobin." Some of his freaks resulted in his leaving his university, which exasperated his father; passionate words were exchanged, and he turned his back on his father's home, as he declared and believed, forever.

After living in London for a while he passed the next three years of his life in seclusion in South Wales, devoted to study and poetry. The earliest heroine of his devotions during his life in Wales was called in the language of poetry "Ioné," and in that of daily life "Jones." Then succeeded a far more serious flame, a blithe Irish lady, who conceived a devoted passion for the haughty and studious youth, and whom her poet called "Ianthé." Ianthé stands for Jane, who became afterward the Countess de Molandé.

Landor married, in 1811, a young lady whom he met for the first time at a ball. As soon as he had set eyes on her he exclaimed, "By heaven! that 's the nicest girl in the room, and I will marry her." And marry her he

did. His marriage was not a happy one. His reckless action contrasts forcibly with his wise and magnificent words concerning marriage: "Death itself, to the reflective mind, is less serious than marriage. Death is not even a blow, is not even a pulsation, it is a pause; but marriage unrolls the awful lot of numberless generations. Health, genius, honor, are the words inscribed on some; on others are disease, fatuity, and infamy." But it was Landor's fate to be wise only for others; wise on paper; wise after the event; wise, in a word, in every and any manner except such as could conduce to his own welfare.

His true affinity was Ianthé, who drifted away from him and whom, forty-five years after, Landor met at Bath, living there with her grandchildren. I will quote the lines referring to an early episode of his life in connection with her:

"Well I remember how you smiled
To see me write your name upon
The soft sea-sand. Oh, what a child!
You think you 're writing upon stone!

"I have since written what no tide
Shall ever wash away, what men
Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide,
And find Ianthé's name again."

What grave self-confidence and assured appeal to the ages—so characteristic of Landor—is seen thus early in life!

Secluded in the most romantic valley of Wales stands the priory of Llanthony, of which Landor took possession in 1809, and also, along with it, the fine estate to which it owes its name—a valley twelve miles long. This estate dates back as far as the reign of William Rufus.

Here he entertained vast projects of improvement. He would have the priory restored, and for that purpose portions of the ruins were taken down and their stones carefully numbered. He would raise a new mansion for himself and his heirs, and he set builders to work, constructed roads and bridges, imported sheep from Segovia. The inhabitants were drunken, impoverished, and morose. He was bent upon reclaiming and civilizing them. He would clothe the sides of the valley with cedars of Lebanon. With that object he bought twenty thousand cones, calculating that they would produce two million cedar trees for the shelter and the delight of posterity. But Landor's magnificent projects as a landlord in less than four years crumbled under his hands and he became utterly disgusted with Llanthony, Wales, and the Welsh.

He found the Welsh peasantry churlish, malicious, and unimprovable; his rents were withheld, his game poached, his plantations damaged, his timber stolen, his character maligned, and even his life threatened. He was like a lion baited by curs. He was plunged up to

the neck in lawsuits. He had sunk over three hundred and fifty thousand dollars upon the Llanthony estate in five years, and had no money to meet the interest on a mortgage coming due soon, and he fled to the Continent, but brought up in Jersey, where he was joined by his wife. They differed as to the desirableness of living in France. She was sixteen years younger, and taunted him before her sister with their disparity in years. His pride took sudden fire, he rose at four the next morning, crossed the island on foot, and before noon was under way for the coast of France in an oyster boat alone. He brought up at Coma, Italy, where he was joined by his wife, and where he lived three years, and his first child, a boy, was born there. From Coma he went to Genoa and then to Pisa.

From Pisa he went to Florence. Here he lived five years with his family in a handsome suite of apartments in the Medici palace, then three years in the Villa Castiglione, about half an hour's walk from the city. During these eight years he was almost exclusively employed with the production of his "Imaginary Conversations." He had at last found his true sphere of activity. After the three years at the Villa Castiglione, he secured a still finer residence in the Villa Gheradesca, a noble and ancient house with a good extent of farm and garden on the heights of Fiésolé, commanding a most beautiful prospect of the Voldarno, with the distant woods of Val-

lambrosa. The years spent here seem, on the whole, to have been the happiest in his life.

This place was as beautiful and fertile as it was rich in associations. Within its gates were clouds of olive trees and spires of cypress. The associations were of Boccacio and his "Valley of Ladies" described in the most enchanting passage of the "Decamaron." Landor, writing to his sister, says, "I have the best water, the best air, and the best oil in the world. My country now is Italy, where I have a residence for life." Landor's old love, Ianthé, to his delight, reappeared about this time in Florence. Her first husband had died within a year of Landor's own ill-starred marriage. She had married again, and also buried her second husband. She was now the object of the addresses, at the same time, of a French duke and an English earl, neither of whom was accepted.

This beautiful home, where he expected to pass the remainder of his life, was disrupted by renewed dissensions with his wife. The immediate cause of his departure is alleged to have been the language repeatedly, and in the face of all remonstrances, addressed to him by his wife in the presence of his children. This, Landor had felt to be alike demoralizing to them and humiliating to himself, and had determined to endure it no longer. He left there in the spring of 1835, and, after many temporary resting-places, took up his permanent residence

in Bath, England. Here he wrote industriously, but his best work had already been produced.

There, too, he was overtaken by a dire calamity which caused his second exile from England.

After an absence of twenty-three years from Italy, being most of this time in Bath or London, he returned to his once dear and cherished home, the Villa of Gheradesca, but he was then poor, old, and dependent on his family for the means of support. In order to avoid the fine of one thousand pounds, imposed by a decree of court as the result of a trial for libel which he had published in connection with a miserable and compromising quarrel with two ladies of Bath, he had settled upon his family all his property.

Pathetic and tragic was the condition of this forlorn old man, who experienced somewhat the fate of Lear. He was wounded to the quick by the slights and crosses he had to endure at home. Time had done nothing to mitigate the incompatibilities between himself and his household. Doubtless he was a willful and unmanageable inmate in the house, to which he had been so long a stranger. Surely the blame was not all on one side. He was forced to flee time and again from his home, but was enticed back, till at last he could stand it no longer, and fled to the home of Browning, who then lived in Florence, and swore he would never go back to his home again. Browning was the means of inducing Landor's

brothers to provide for him for the remainder of his life.

I have thus, in a very cursory manner, sketched the outline of this much-checkered life. I will now ask your attention to him as a devotee of literature, wherein he was preëminently successful, and found compensation for his many woes and many sufferings.

Mr. Landor's first work was a long, unreadable poem called "Gebir," published in 1798. Wordsworth that same year published his "Lyrical Ballads." Landor at that time was twenty-three, Southey twenty-four, Coleridge, twenty-six, Wordsworth twenty-eight. Byron, Shelley, and Keats were children of tender years.

The plot of Gebir is obscure and somewhat chaotic. In his preface he declares the work to be the fruit of idleness and ignorance, "for had I been a botanist or a mineralogist it would never have been written." De Quincey discourses about this poem with his characteristic humor. "His first work was a poem, namely, 'Gebir,' and it had the sublime distinction for some time of having enjoyed only two readers, which two were Southey and myself. Not knowing Southey at that time, I vainly conceited myself to be the one sole purchaser and reader of this poem. I even fancied myself to have been pointed out in the streets of Oxford as the one inexplicable man authentically known to possess 'Gebir,' or even (it might be whispered mysteriously)

to have read 'Gebir.' It was not clear but this reputation might stand in lieu of any independent fame and might raise me to literary distinction.

"Five years after, when I found that I had a brother near the throne, namely, Southey, mortification would have led me willingly to resign altogether in his favor." By far the best explanation and interpretation of this obscure poem is De Quincey's account of it. Obscurity and dryness never frightened him from dissecting the dryest author of any age or country.

Next followed the tragedy of "Count Julian" by Landor. De Quincey's account of it is the best, for he, like Landor, was a past master in the best of literature, ancient and modern. The story of Count Julian may be pronounced the grandest which modern history unfolds. "Thou, Alban traitor, that wert torn limb from limb by antagonistic yet confederate chariots, thy tortures seen by shuddering armies were not comparable to the unseen tortures in Count Julian's mind."

The story is wrapped in gigantic mists, and looms upon one like the Grecian fable of Edipus, the most fearful lesson extant of the great moral that crime propagates crime and violence inherits violence; nay, a lesson on the awful *necessity* that one tremendous wrong should blindly reproduce itself in endless retaliatory wrongs. Mr. Landor is probably the one man in Europe who has adequately conceived the situation, the stern

self-dependency and the monumental misery of Count Julian.

Who can explain Landor's failure to get a real hold upon a large body of readers? Writers of far greater obscurity, and much more repellent blemishes of style, to set against much lower merits, have gained a far wider popularity. The want of sympathy between so eminent a literary artist and his time must rest upon some deeper divergence of sentiment. Landor's writings present the same kind of problem as his life. He was a man of very many high and very many amiable qualities. He was full of chivalrous feeling, capable of the most flowing and delicate courtesy, easily stirred to righteous indignation against every kind of tyranny and bigotry, capable, too, of a tenderness pleasantly contrasted with his outbursts of passing wrath, passionately fond of children, and a true lover of dogs. But with all this, he could never live long at peace with anybody. He was the most impracticable of men, and every turning-point in his career was decided by some vehement quarrel. He had to leave school in consequence of a quarrel, trifling in itself, but aggravated by a fierce defiance of all authority and a refusal to ask forgiveness.

Emerson says:

"Now, for twenty-six years, we have still found the 'Imaginary Conversations' a sure resource in solitude, and it seems to us as original in its form as in its

matter. When we remember his rich and ample page, wherein we are always sure to find fresh sustained thought, a keen and precise understanding, an affluent and ready memory, familiar with all chosen books, an industrious observation in every department of life, an experience to which nothing has occurred in vain, honor for every just and generous sentiment, and a scourge like that of the furies for every oppression whether public or private, we feel how dignified is this perpetual censor in his curule chair, and we wish to thank a benefactor of the reading world. But beyond his delight in genius, and his love of individual and civil liberty, Mr. Landor has an appreciation that is much more rare, the appreciation of character. This is more remarkable considered with his intense nationality. He is buttoned in English broadcloth to the chin, he hates the Austrians, the Italians, the French, the Scotch, and the Irish. He values his pedigree, his acres, and the syllables of his name; loves all his advantages, is not insensible to the beauty of his watch seal or the Turk's head on his umbrella; yet, with all this miscellaneous pride, there is a noble nature within him which instructs him that he is rich, that he can well spare all his trappings, and, leaving to others the painting of circumstance, aspire to the office of delineating character.

"He draws with evident pleasure the portrait of a man who never said anything right, and never did any-

thing wrong. The word 'character' is in all mouths; it is a force which we all feel; yet who has analyzed it? What is the nature of that subtle and majestic principle which attaches us to a few persons, not so much by personal as by the most spiritual ties? What is the quality of the persons who, without being public men or literary men or rich men or active men or, in the popular sense, religious men, have a certain salutary omnipresence in all our life's history, almost giving their own quality to the atmosphere and the landscape? A moral force, yet wholly unmindful of creed and catechism; intellectual, but scornful of books, it works directly and without means, and though it may be resisted at any time, yet resistance to it is suicide.

"Mr. Landor, almost alone among English writers, has indicated his perception of this. These merits make Mr. Landor's position in the republic of letters one of great mark and dignity. He exercises with a grandeur of spirit the office of writer, and carries with it an air of old and unquestionable nobility. We do not recollect an example of more complete independence in literary history. He has no clanship, no friendships that warp him. He was one of the first to pronounce Wordsworth the great poet of the age, yet he discriminates his faults with the greater freedom."

Although appreciating his fine poetic gift, he cannot help guying him occasionally:

"What a fine poem was the 'Power of Sound,' and how magnificently the tenth stanza began!

"But after eight most noble Pindaric verses on Pan and the fauns and satyrs, he lays hold on a coffin and a convict, and ends in a flirtation with a steeple:

> " 'I met a little boy on the canal,
> And he was singing blithely fal-de dal.
> How heaven has placed it high 'mid human joys
> To talk with elf-lock girls and ragged boys.
> "Have you a father?" "Plenty," he replied.
> "A mother?" "She was yesterday a bride."
> "A brother?" "One too many." "Any sister?"
> "She 's dead. I never (till you named her) missed her."
> At these quick answers, as was meet, I smiled,
> And tapped the shoulders of the clever child.'

"He loves Pindar, Æschylus, Euripides, Aristophanes, Demosthenes, Virgil, yet with open eyes. His dialogue on the Epicurean philosophy is a theory of the genius of Epicurus. The dialogue between Barrow and Newton is the best of all criticisms on the essays of Bacon. He has illustrated the genius of Homer, Æschylus, Pindar, Euripides, Thucydides. Then he has *examined* before he *expatiated,* and the minuteness of his verbal criticism gives a confidence in his fidelity when he speaks the language of meditation or of passion. His acquaintance with the English tongue is unsurpassed. 'He hates false words, and seeks with care, difficulty, and moroseness those that fit the thing.' He knows the value of his own words. 'They are not,' he says, 'written on slate,' and no finger, not of Time himself, can

efface it. He never stoops to explanation, nor uses seven words where one will do. He is a master of condensation and suppression, and that is no vulgar way. His merit must rest at last on the value of his sentences. Many of them will secure their own immortality in English literature; and this, rightly considered, is no mean merit. Of many of Mr. Landor's sentences we are fain to remember what was said of those of Socrates, that they are cubes, which will stand firm, place them how or where you will.

"Mr. Landor is one of the foremost of that small class who make good in the nineteenth century the claims of pure literature. In these busy days of avarice and ambition, where there is so little disposition to profound thought, or to any but the most superficial intellectual entertainment, a faithful scholar, receiving from past ages the treasures of wit and worth and enlarging them by his own love, is a friend and consoler of mankind. Whoever writes for the love of truth and beauty, and not with ulterior ends, belongs to this sacred class, and among them few men of the present age have a better claim to be numbered than Mr. Landor. Wherever genius or taste has existed, wherever freedom and justice are threatened, his interest is sure to be commanded. Landor is strangely undervalued in England, usually ignored and sometimes savagely attacked in the reviews. The criticism may be right or wrong, and is

quickly forgotten; but year after year the scholar must still go back to Landor for multitudes of elegant sentences, for wisdom, wit, and indignation that are unforgettable.

"He had never envied any man anything but waltzing, for which he would have given all the acquirements he had.

"He has a wonderful brain, despotic, violent, and inexhaustible, meant for a soldier, by some chance converted to letters, in which there is not a style nor a tint not known to him.

"A sharp, dogmatic man, with a great deal of knowledge, a great deal of worth, and a great deal of pride, with a profound contempt for all that he does not understand, a master of all elegant learning and a sort of ostentation of coarse imagery and language.

"His partialities and dislikes are by no means calculable, but are often whimsical and amusing, yet they are quite sincere, and, like those of Johnson and Coleridge, are easily separable from the man. What he says of Wordsworth is true of himself, that he delights to throw a clod of dirt on the table and cry, 'Gentlemen, there is a better man than all of you.' A less pardonable eccentricity is the cold and gratuitous obtrusion of licentious images, not so much the suggestion of merriment as of bitterness. Montaigne assigns as his reason for his license of speech that he is tired of seeing his essays on

the work-tables of ladies, and he is determined they shall for the future put them out of sight. In Mr. Landor's coarseness there is a certain air of defiance, and the rude word seems sometimes to arise from a disgust at niceness and over-refinement.

"Before a well-dressed company he plunges his fingers in a cess-pool, as if to expose the whiteness of his hands and the jewels of his ring. Afterwards he washes them in water, he washes them in wine, but you are never secure from his freaks. But we have spoken all our discontent."

In his "English Traits," Emerson describes Landor at his Florentine villa:

"I found him noble and courteous, living in a cloud of pictures. I had inferred from his books, or magnified from some anecdote, an impression of Achillean wrath, an untamable petulance. I do not know whether the imputation was just or not, but certainly on this May day his courtesy veiled that haughty mind and he was the most patient and gentle of hosts."

Landor's characteristic fault, in fact, his vice, was that of a temper so undisciplined as to be somewhat hurricanic in its consequences, though, not unlike the Australian boomerang, it frequently returned, injuring no one but the possessor.

He was very fond of dogs and had a pet named Gaillo, the gift of William W. Story. Upon being asked

if he thought dogs would be admitted into heaven, he said: "And pray, why not? They have all the good qualities and none of the bad qualities of man." This remark will serve as a key to his opinions on ecclesiastical subjects. He was commonly spoken of as a pagan, but his habits of thought were rather what are now termed positive. He held the ultimate mysteries of the universe insolvable either by theology or philosophy, and estimated creeds and doctrines simply according to their effect on human happiness. "Christianity, as I understand it, lies not in belief, but in action," he says. Accepting it in this sense, Landor was never tired of enforcing the contrast between the practical religion of the gospels and the official and doctrinal religion of priests and kings. For abstract metaphysical speculations he had no sympathy, scarcely even any toleration, neither could he admit that philosophy, dealing with the facts of life and experience, could be profitably pursued apart from direct practical issues. Human welfare and not abstract truth should be its aim.

"This is philosophy, to make remote things tangible, common things extensively useful, useful things extensively common. Philosophy should seek truth merely as the means of promoting happiness."

In politics his father was a zealous Whig, while his son was already what he remained to the end of his days, an ardent republican and a foe to kings. His

earliest admiration was for Washington and his fiercest aversion for George III.

The young rebel cried out in his mother's room that he wished the French would invade England and assist us in hanging George III. between two such rascals as the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, whereupon his mother boxed his ears from behind his chair and then fled hastily for fear of the consequences.

He was a man of commanding presence, of Lecoline majesty, physically strong and active, a great lover of animals, of music, and passionately fond of flowers. He once, in a fit of anger, threw his cook out of the window, then suddenly exclaimed, "My God, my violets!" as he realized the injury done to his favorite flower by his inconsiderate act. When Emerson charges him with being "buttoned to the chin in English broadcloth," alluding to his intense nationality, he indulged in one of his "superlatives." Landor wore no broadcloth or many buttons, according to Mrs. Lynn Linton, who was a very dear and intimate friend of his for many years. Here is her description of the first interview with him: "I was visiting in Bath when we saw what seemed a noble-looking old man, dressed in shabby snuff-colored clothes, a dirty, old blue necktie, unstarched cotton shirt, with a front more like a nightgown than a shirt, and knubbly, apple-pie boots; but underneath the rusty old hat-brim a pair of quiet and penetrating gray-

blue eyes; the voice was sweet and masterly; the manner that of a man of rare distinction." Landor lived a very checkered life, mostly owing to his great infirmity of a passionate and ungovernable temper, which brought him many sorrows and many losses.

The noble quatrain prefixed to his "Last Fruit off an Old Tree" is pathetic, but not altogether true, written on his seventy-fifth birthday:

> "I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.
> Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
> I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
> It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

Now, in fact, he strove with almost every one with whom he came in contact, but he never sulked; his extraordinary cheerfulness and light-heartedness caused him to soon forget past troubles. He excites our compassion as well as our admiration for his sad experiences.

It cannot be denied that Landor had what Emerson said Margaret Fuller possessed, namely, a mountainous I. His egotism is of such monstrous proportions that it becomes amusing. He has no regard for what Emerson calls the insanity of the superlative, upon which Emerson wrote an essay. Now hear Landor's superlative: "I have published five volumes of 'Imaginary Conversations,' cut the worst of them through the middle, and there will remain in the decimal fraction

enough to satisfy my appetite for fame." "I shall dine late, but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select." The worms must have eaten us before we rightly know what we are. It is only when we are skeletons that we are boxed and ticketed and prized and shown. Be it so! His was evidently a waiting policy. Conscious, as he says, that in two thousand years there have not been five volumes of prose (the work of one author) equal to his "Conversations," he could afford to wait.

This superlative self-esteem puts Margaret Fuller's to the blush. She confined her superiority to this age and country. "I have now exhausted every contemporary writer and find no intellect comparable to my own," says the spinster. Landor's five volumes so emphatically extolled by their author, notwithstanding their shortcomings in many ways, are booked for a certain degree of immortality.

There is a vigor of feeling and originality of character, a fineness of style, which makes one understand, if not quite agree to this audacious self-commendation. Shakespeare's impressive lines may have occurred to Landor when he wrote this personal laudation. "Not marble, not the gilded monuments of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

There is something imposing in so continuous a flow of stately and faultless English, with so many weighty

aphorisms rising spontaneously, without splashing or disturbance, to the surface of talk with such easy felicity. His unruffled, abundant stream of continuous harmony excites one's admiration the more one reads him.

To all those who are interested in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy it would be well for them to hear what Landor has to say on these two worthies, written long before Ignatius Donnelly had published his celebrated Shakespeare crytic cipher and Miss Bacon her crazy lucubrations.

"Bacon was immeasurably a less wise man than Shakespeare, and not a wiser writer, for he knew his fellow-man only as he saw him in the street and in the court, which indeed is but a dirtier street and narrower; Shakespeare, who knew him there, knew him everywhere else, both as he was and as he might be."

"There is as great a difference between Shakespeare and Bacon as between an American forest and a London timber-yard. In the timber-yard the materials are sawed and squared and set across; in the forest we have the natural form of the tree, all its growth, all its branches, all its leaves, all the mosses that grow about it, all the birds and insects that inhabit it, now deep shadows absorbing the whole wilderness, now bright bursting glades, with exuberant grass and flower and fruitage, now untroubled skies, now terrific thunder-

storms, everywhere multiformity, everywhere immensity."

When Bacon shall have supplanted Shakespeare as the author of the plays attributed to him, then the London timber-yard will have been transformed into an American forest, but not till then.

Browning dedicated his "Luria" to Landor, as "a great dramatic poet." Landor, in thanking him, remarked that he was more of a dramatist in *prose* than in *poetry*. "My imagination, like my heart, has always been with the women, I mean the *young*, for I cannot separate that adjective from that substantive. This has taught me above all things the immeasurable superiority of Shakespeare. His women raise him to it. I mean the *immensity* of the superiority. I am sometimes ready to shed tears at his degradation in comedy. I could almost have given the first joint of my forefinger rather than he should have written, for instance, such trash as that in the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona.' His wit is pounded and spiced and potted like old rose-petals."

Landor's fame very surely awaits him, but it will not, in any sense, be faultless. To the end we see him, as it were, unconquerable. He keeps an unquailing aspect to the very close, has yielded nothing in the duel he has been fighting so long single-handed with the world, and dies at last with harness on his back. But

he is only unvanquished—he is not the victor. Victorious he cannot, at any time, be said to have shown himself, either over the circumstances from which he suffered, or the genius by which he achieved so much. Greatness there was always, a something of the heroic element which lifted him in nearly all that he said and very much that he did considerably above ordinary stature, but never to be admitted or described without important drawbacks. What was wanting most, in his books and in his life alike, was the submission to some kind of law; but though he would not accept those rules of obedience, without which no man can wisely govern either himself or others, and though he lived far beyond the allotted term of life without discovering what was true in the profound old saying, "All the world is wiser than any man in the world," his genius was yet in itself so commanding and consummate as to bring into play the nobler part of his character only; and by this his influence will remain over others, while for all that was less noble he will himself have paid the penalty.

His works are unique. Having possessed them we should miss them. Their place would be supplied by no others. They have that about them, moreover, which renders it almost certain that they will be frequently resorted to in future time. There is none in the language more quotable. There is hardly a conceivable

subject, in life or literature, which they do not illustrate by striking aphorisms, by concise and profound observations, by wisdom ever applicable to the needs of men and by wit as available for their enjoyment. Nor, above all, will there anywhere be found a more pervading passion for liberty, a fiercer hatred of the base, a wider sympathy with the wronged and the oppressed, or help more ready at all times for those who fight at odds and disadvantages against the powerful and the fortunate, than in the writings of Walter Savage Landor.

At his very best, and taken in not too large quantities, Landor is equal of all but the greatest, perhaps of the greatest themselves. And if, according to a natural but rather foolish fashion, we feel at any time inclined to regret that he lived so long, and had so much time to accumulate indifferent, as well good work, let us remember, on the other hand, that his best work is scattered over almost every period of his life, except the very last and the very first, and that the best of it is of a kind worth wading through volumes of inferior work to secure. The critical question with every writer is, "Could we spare him, could we do without him?" Most assuredly if we tried to do without Landor we should lose something with which no one else could supply us.

He was a great denouncer of what he thought the

trucklings, derogations, and quackisms of ordinary political practice and partisanship, but his chief practical exhortations were against wars of conquest and annexation, against alliance with the despotic powers for the suppression of insurgent nationalities, against the over endowment of ecclesiastical dignitaries, in favor of the removal of Catholic disabilities, in favor of factory acts and of the mitigation of penal laws.

We append here a few excerpts from Landor's writings, specimen bricks from the noble edifice which he has erected:

"I say that there is no example in history of a man [he refers to Napoleon] who made so little of so much; there is no example of one who lost so many armies, alienated so many adherents, exasperated so many potentates, defrauded so many nations; there is no example of one who, capable of doing so extensive good, did preferably so extensive evil. He opened the floodgates he was employed to close; and, through them, heaved back again the stagnant waters, pestilential to all Europe, which had been excluded with so much labor."

"It is hardly possible to recover a lost thought without breaking its wings in catching it. I got up in the middle of last night to fix one on paper, and fixed a rheumatism instead. Night is not the time for pinning a butterfly on a blank leaf."

"Gray's 'Elegy' will be read as long as any work of Shakespeare, despite its moping owl and the kettle of an epitaph tied to its tail. It is the first poem that ever touched my heart, and it strikes it now just in the same place. Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, the four giants who lived before our last deluge of poetry, have left the ivy growing on the churchyard wall."

"The grave and gentle Edmund Spenser complains of *Fortune,* not of Elizabeth; of *courts,* not of Cecil. Elizabeth says, 'I am resolved, so help me God, he shall have no further cause for his repining; go, convey unto him those twelve silver spoons with the apostles on them, gloriously gilded, and deliver into his hands those twelve large golden pieces, sufficing for the yearly maintenance of another horse and groom. Besides which set open before him, with due reverence, this Bible, wherein he may read the mercies of God toward those who waited in patience for his blessing, and this pair of crimson silk hose, which thou knowest I have worn only thirteen months, taking heed that the heelpiece be put into good and sufficient restoration, at my sole charges, by the Italian woman nigh the pollard elm at Charing-cross.' "

Most of the conversation between Newton and his old teacher, Barrows, is a comment on Bacon's "Essays," and is about as good as the essays themselves.

"Rise, but let no man lift you."

"The best thing is to stand above the world; the next is to stand apart from it on any side."

"Have no intercourse with small authors, cultivate the highest, revere and defend them."

"They who have the longest wings have the most difficulty in the first mounting."

"Do not be ambitious of an early fame, such is apt to shrivel and drop under the tree. Reputation is casual; the wise may long want it, the unwise may soon acquire it; a servant may further it, a spiteful man may obstruct it, a passionate man may maim it, and whole gangs are ready to waylay it as it mounts the hill."

"I am delighted with Tennyson's 'Maud.' In this poem how much higher and fresher is his laurel than the clipt and stunted ones of the old gardeners in the same garden. Poetry and philosophy have rarely met so cordially before. He is indeed a true poet. What other could have written this line worth many whole volumes: 'The breaking heart that will not break'?"

"In Æschylus there is no trickery, no trifling, no delay, no exposition, no garrulity, no dogmatism, no declamation, no prosing; none of the invidious sneers, none of the captious sophistry of the Socratic school, but the loud, clear challenge, the firm, unstealthy step of an erect, broad-breasted soldier."

"The continent of Shakespeare, with its prodigious

range of inextinguishable fires, its rivers of golden sands, its very deserts paved with jewels, its forests of unknown plants, to which the known were dwarfs, this unpromised and unexpected land, in all its freshness and variety and magnitude, was to emerge."

He thought the finest thing in the way of oratory was the dozen words of Chatham: "The first shot that is fired in America separates the two countries."

"There is almost as much vanity in disdaining the opinion of the world as in pursuing it."

> "The grateful heart for all things blesses,
> Not only joy, but grief endears;
> I love you for your few caresses,
> I love you for my many tears."

"Browning has sent me some admirable things. I only wish he would atticize a little. Few of the Athenians had such a quarry on their property, but they constructed better roads for the conveyance of the material."

"The papal power is the most monstrous and by far the most degrading imposition that ever outraged and deformed the human intellect."

He did not believe that St. Peter was ever in Rome. "This question is not a theological one and should not be submitted to clergymen, for their decision is liable to the suspicion of partisanship. It should be entrusted to lawyers and men familiar with examination of evi-

dence and historical research. The pope is a whit no more the successor of St. Peter in the bishopric of Rome that he is of Fo in the Foship of China."

"At Rome the sun still turns round the earth; whatever was, is, whatever is, must be."

"The world never sustained so grievous a loss as in Gustavus Adolphus, or so grievous a disgrace as in the empire of Napoleon."

"The only bread that is not reasonably cheap at present is the bread of life."

"A parent should never excite a blush nor extinguish one."

"Whatever honor I am desirous of receiving I can confer upon myself and would accept none whatever from any other person. In regard to emoluments, I may speak as plainly, or more so. If any of my sons accepted any place under a government I would disinherit him. There is no danger; nothing will ever be offered to me or mine; we have done nothing to deserve it and I trust we never shall. I claim no place in the world of letters; I am alone, and will be alone, as long as I live and after."

Shakespeare has said, "The best of men are moulded out of faults." Landor says, "If we could find a man exempt by nature from vices and infirmities we should find one not worth knowing; he also would be void of tenderness and compassion. What allowance, then,

could his best friends expect from him in their frailties? What help, consolation, and assistance in their misfortunes?" All this seems to conflict somewhat with the command of Jesus, who said, "Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Notwithstanding, Landor is right.

F. B.

EMERSON.

A PAPER READ BEFORE A SOCIAL CLUB IN THIS VICINITY MARCH 3, 1881.

The subject of my paper this evening was suggested by the essay read last Thursday on Thomas Carlyle before the club. It then occurred to me that Mr. Carlyle's correlative in this country would be a good topic to treat, namely, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Whatever imperfections my paper may have, I cannot urge the plea of having prepared it in haste, for I have been forty years engaged on it. Yes! For more than forty years I have been a diligent reader and an enthusiastic admirer of Emerson, and to-day his writings are to me as fresh, as suggestive, as stimulating and as beautiful, as on their first perusal. I have found him inexhaustible; he is never tiresome, always fascinating. If to read his printed words be such a treat, what must it have been to have listened to his wonderful

voice, so melodious, so impressive, as he delivered those essays in the form of lectures in his prime of manhood? I was thus fortunate in being his listener, have attended four courses of his lectures of ten each during four consecutive winters. These lectures were delivered in the old Masonic Temple, now the United States Court House. The price of the tickets was two dollars for the course of ten. He had an audience of about two hundred, consisting largely of the beauty, refinement, and intellect of Boston. He always entered the hall precisely at eight o'clock, and spoke for precisely one hour, never varying three minutes in his remarkable punctuality. I took notes of these lectures at the time, and at the close hurried home to write them out as fully as my memory, aided by the notes, would allow. Many remarkable passages which I recorded at the time, I found he had omitted in his published essays, which consist of these lectures boiled down and concentrated into an intellectual pemmican of thought, of philosophy and poetry.

Carlyle, in his "Life of Schiller"—his first literary work published—has commenced the second part with a magnificent apostrophe to a literary life, which, under favorable circumstances, he considers the most enviable which the lot of this world affords; and he claims that, among this class, are to be found the brightest specimens, and chief benefactors of mankind. I think

Emerson may be put in this category of benefactors; for surely he, if any one, has kept awake the finer parts of our souls, and given us better aims than power or pleasure; and, during a long life, now drawing to a peaceful close, having "traveled through it in calm and virtuous majesty," has ever been faithful to his highest ideal—the boldest, the most truthful, and, I may add, the most original of all American authors. Ever "lowly faithful, he still obeys the voice of eve, obeyed at prime," and his voice at prime, as uttered in his Dartmouth Oration, delivered in 1838, is singularly in accordance with Carlyle's high ideals of a literary life. He says:

"I have reached the middle age of man; yet I believe I am not less glad or sanguine at the meeting of scholars than, when a boy, I first saw the graduates of my own college assembled at their anniversary. Neither years nor books have yet availed to extirpate a prejudice then rooted in me, that a scholar is the favorite of heaven and earth, the excellency of his country, the happiest of men."

Mr. Emerson was born in Boston in 1803, and has lived to a green old age in our immediate vicinity; and the gospel saying, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country" holds true of him in a great measure; for, though he has many and ardent admirers here, they bear no proportion in number to his

transcendent merits. A descendant of eight generations of Puritan clergymen, and himself a clergyman, who, at the age of twenty-six was ordained a colleague of Henry Ware at the Second Unitarian Church—one of the oldest and most conservative of societies—after a ministration of less than four years, he, with a boldness and sincerity and modesty rarely seen, took the ground that he could not honestly administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and, with a very able and convincing sermon on this rite—a masterpiece of exegetical reasoning—terminated his connection with this parish. In thus abjuring this established ordinance, he but followed the example of the society of Quakers, who had discarded the rite two hundred years before. This startling sermon on resigning his office was a crisis in his life, and has borne fruit ever since. What a remarkable instance of boldness and valor was this step of the youthful pastor! At that time, this rite in question was considered far more sacred and authoritative than it is in our day; to neglect it—or worse—to dispute its authority, was considered the height of blasphemy; but he would not enter upon any controversy. Faithful to his convictions, he made this simple statement: "It is my desire in the office of a Christian minister, to do nothing which I cannot do with my whole heart. Having said this I have said all"—and he left them with his benediction.

From that time to this, he has lived a scholar's life, devoted to the dissemination of those truths of poetry, philosophy, of literature and life, which are the mature fruit of his thought and experience, and exercising an influence more extended and pronounced over the intellectual young men of New England than any other author. Embosomed in the green hills of his rural home, surrounded by his books and friends, with happy family relations, and in perpetual communion with that Nature which he so utterly delights in, he does seem to have had the happiest lot which this world affords.

He is thought of by some as a dreamer and a mystic, or, perhaps, as a very unpractical transcendentalist. Nothing could be farther from the truth; he is a hard-headed, clear-minded Yankee—farmer in practical life—knows beans, and many other agricultural facts.

Whittier describes him well, as one who might grace Plato's banquet, and calls him:

> **"Shrewd Mystic! who, upon the back**
> **Of his Poor Richard's Almanack,**
> **Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoo's dream,**
> **Links Menu's age of thought to Fulton's age of steam."**

He is an Orientalist of the most mystic type, as well as a Yankee of the Yankees. Many of his sayings have passed into our literature. I saw in the *Graphic*, lately, a paragraph—"As somebody has observed, 'All mankind love a lover' "; that "somebody" is Emerson.

He affirms the unity of nature, the inviolableness of the spiritual laws, and also, as emphatically, of the physical laws; that gravitation and goodness of heart spring from the same source and are one in essence. "Health of mind," he says, "consists in the perception of law; its dignity consists in being under the laws. Nothing seems to me so excellent as a belief in the laws. It communicates nobleness, and, as it were, an asylum in temples to the loyal soul."

As an ethical writer, he is unsurpassed by any author, ancient or modern. The Moral Law to him is "the center of nature, and radiates to the circumference." It is the pith and marrow of every substance, every relation and every process. The moral sentiment with him, "scents the air, grows in the grain, and impregnates the waters of the world." When a man attains to say, "I love the right; Truth is beautiful within and without forevermore; Virtue, I am thine! save me, use me! thee will I serve day and night, in great, in small, that I may be not virtuous, but virtue,—then is the end of creation answered and God is well pleased." But I shall have to quote most of his writings before exhausting the illustrations of his cardinal principles of life.

My first knowledge of Emerson was through his "Nature," a thin duodecimo of ninety-five pages, with an abstruse motto from Plotinus on the title-page. It

took fifteen years to sell five hundred copies of this little book. His favorite author, Montaigne, was translated into all the languages of Europe, and passed through seventy-five editions; I have never heard that Emerson was translated into any foreign tongue. One can imagine what funny work a Frenchman would make in the attempt to translate—his "Brahma," for instance.

As his first work was entitled "Nature," so this has been the key-word, as it were, of his whole life. He has iterated and reiterated it, early and late, throughout all his writings. If a concordance were made of his works, one would find this word, "nature," occurring about as often as the word "love" does in Shakespeare's concordance. He invests this word with an anthropomorphic quality. It becomes, in his treatment of it, almost a person—an individual with human qualities and frailties. His books abound in phrases illustrating this assertion. He uses the word "nature" in its philosophical and its common sense. In its philosophical sense, nature is the entire universe, outside of the individual soul—distinguished as the "not me," in technical language. In its common import, nature refers to all that man's activity does not affect by his will, and, in this sense, art is distinct from nature. The clouds, the air, the ocean, mountains, rivers, scenery, etc., all are included in nature as thought of by the common

understanding. I think his worship of nature runs unconsciously into pantheism, and this is very apparent in the little book first published; and when asked if his writings were not of a pantheistic tendency, he would not reply in a direct yes or no, but said, "Well, pantheism is a grand word." "The happiest man," he says, "is he who learns from nature the lesson of worship. When we try to describe and define God, both language and thought desert us, and we are as hapless as fools and savages."

There are many passages in his writings that countenance this charge of pantheism, as when he says, "Matter is a phenomenon, not a substance, and that subject and object are one." "The ardors of piety agree at last with the coldest skepticism." "That nothing is of us or our works—that all is of God." This flavor of pantheism, which outcrops plainly in his writings, has been the occasion of abundant abuse by the critics. Rev. J. B. Manning, in a series of lectures on pantheism, devoted one to Emerson, in which he ranks him with the disciples of Spinoza.

Emerson himself has never replied to any criticism; he has preserved an absolutely sphinx-like silence. In all his writings there is not one word to indicate that he was in the least disturbed by these charges, much less any attempt to defend his utterances. You may take them or leave them; 't is all the same to him.

Rev. George Gilfillam brands him as a skeptic, and says he has personally and by name insulted the Lord Jesus Christ.

As Spinoza was called "a God-intoxicated man," as an answer to those who charged him with atheism, so Emerson may be called a devout and religious man, who sees the revelations of God in the moral law, in the spiritual ideal of truth, of beauty and of good in the harmony and unity of all creation. His writings are saturated with the noblest sentiments that tend to the elevation of the soul, and to inculcate the soul's supremacy.

I am not earnest to deny this charge of pantheism: for Emerson himself gives no description of God that will class him as atheist or pantheist. He will not define nor dogmatize, nor be reduced to final statements. He dwells in principles, universal and everlasting.

He is equally inaccessible on the question of immortality. His writings have about as much to say on one side as the other of this problem—impossible to believe, impossible to deny. "Here we drift like white sails across the ocean, now bright on the wave, now darkling in the trough of the sea; but from what port did we sail? Who knows? Or to what port are we bound? Who knows?" This is somewhat like Carlyle's "From eternity to eternity," or the psalmist's "From everlasting to everlasting." He says, "I, at least, will shun the

weakness of philosophizing beyond my depth. What is the use of pretending to assurances we have not respecting the other life? If there is a wish for immortality and no evidence, why not say just that? If there are conflicting evidences, why not state them? If there is not ground for a candid thinker to make up his mind yea or nay, why not suspend the judgment? I weary of these dogmatizers. I neither affirm nor deny; I stand here to try the case. Who shall forbid a wise skepticism, seeing that there is no practical question on which anything more than an approximate solution can be had? Now shall we, because a good nature inclines us to virtue's side, say there are no doubts, and lie for the right?"

In the last chapter of the last book he has published he treats at length on this question of immortality, and, indeed, this is its title, and in it he says, "How ill agrees this majestical immortality of our religion with the frivolous population! Will you build magnificently for mice? Here are people who cannot dispose of a day—an hour hangs heavy on their hands; and will you offer them rolling ages without end? I think all sound minds rest on a certain preliminary conviction; namely, that if it be best that conscious personal life shall continue, it will continue; if not best, then it will not; and we, if we saw the whole, should, of course, see it was better so."

On the whole, this essay on "Immortality," notwithstanding Joe Cook quoted from it with approbation in his Monday lecture on the same subject, I am afraid must be considered of questionable value in removing all one's doubts concerning a future life. To the already believer, his affirmations are consoling if not convincing, while the doubter must still continue in suspense. In this essay Emerson expresses himself in the spirit of Coleridge's affirmation, "The light we seek after is a mystery; but so, both in itself and in its origin, is the life we have"; and he is willing to leave it a mystery, an insolvable one.

Emerson is a persistent optimist; he has not a drop of pessimistic blood in his veins. He preaches everywhere and at all times the doctrine of sunshine and hope; his utterance is always full of joy and gladness. "I am the lever of uncontained and immortal beauty" —and says with Browning, "How good is our life here, mere living." He opens his famous senior class address —that performance that caused such a rattling of dry bones of theology among the divinity professors—with this strain of delight:

"In this refulgent summer it has been a luxury to draw the breath of life. The grass grows, the buds burst, the meadow is spotted with fire and gold, in the tint of flowers; the air is full of birds, and sweet with the breath of the pine, the balm-of-Gilead, and the new

hay; the mystery of Nature was never displayed more happily. The corn and the wine have been freely dealt to all creatures, and the never-broken silence, with which the old bounty goes forward has not yielded yet one word of explanation."

His little book—"Nature"—is overrunning with this abounding joy. "Almost I fear to think how glad I am." This was uttered not after he had made a lucky strike in "San Pedro" or "Atchison & Topeka," but when "crossing a bare common, in snow puddles, at twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in his thoughts any occurrence of special good-fortune" that he has enjoyed this perfect exhilaration. "I have seen the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, from daybreak to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long, slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth as a shore I look out into that silent sea, I seem to partake its rapid transformations; the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."

Not only thus does he advocate optimism, but he denounces its opposite—pessimism. "A Schopenhauer, with logic and learning and wit, teaching that this is the worst of all possible worlds, and inferring that sleep is better than waking, and death than sleep—all the

talent in the world cannot save him from being odious. A low, hopeless spirit puts out the eyes; a philosophy which sees only the worst, believes neither in a philosophy which sees only the worst, believes neither in virtue nor in genius, dispirits us; the sky shuts down before us. Don't hang a dismal picture on the wall, and do not daub with sables and glooms in your conversation. Don't be a cynic and disconsolate preacher."

Emerson's philosophy of life is set in a lowly key. He hates ostentation, pretension, publicity, display. He tells us to seek the shade and find wisdom in neglect; to be content with a little, so it be our own.

> **"Nor mount nor drive; all good things keep**
> **The midway of the eternal deep."**

He prefers his slippers and old coat and homespun comforts, to fashionable outfits and modern exactions. All this is in the spirit of Agur's prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," as is also his poem, "Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home." He accepts with his whole heart the philosophy of Carlyle's "Night Moth" —"common joys and vulgar fate." Wordsworth was of his way of thinking, and, indeed is a doctrinaire of this philosophy of Nature in the lowly key.

Another characteristic of Emerson is his lifting the curtain from the common and ordinary, and showing us that divinities are sitting disguised within our cot-

tage walls, and that "the gods come in low disguise," "plying for us our household tasks."

> "Nor scour the seas, nor sift mankind,
> A poet or a friend to find;
> Behold! he watches at the door!
> Behold his shadow on the floor!"

He is forever exhorting in favor of domestic resources and home facilities and opportunities:

> "Wish not to fill the isles with eyes,
> To fetch thee birds of Paradise;
> On thine orchard's edge belong
> All the brags of plume and song."

Emerson shows a pastoral simplicity in his intercourse with others. He greets the child of the poor, illiterate workingman with the same deference and consideration that he would observe toward the Earl of Beaconsfield or His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales. He is one of the few authors who does not disappoint on a personal interview. His daily conversation and table-talk is as rich and fruitful as are his finished writings. He is original, kind, cordial, hospitable in his daily intercourse with others, and does not reserve these humanities for print.

Emerson anticipated Darwin, and evolution and the survival of the fittest are to be found in his writings. In the motto to his first chapter of "Miscellanies," he says:

> "And striving to be man, the worm
> Mounts through all the spires of form."

In geology he is one with Lyell:

"The Book of Nature is the Book of Fate. She turns the gigantic pages—leaf after leaf—never returning one. One leaf she lays down, a floor of granite; then a thousand ages, and a bed of slate; a thousand ages, and a measure of coal; a thousand ages, and a layer of marl and mud; vegetable forms appear; her first misshapen animals, unwieldy monsters, concealing the fine type of her coming king.

"We learn what patient periods must round themselves before the rock is formed, then before the rock is broken, and the first lichen race has disintegrated the thinnest external plate into soil and opened the door for the remote flora, fauna, ceres, and pomona to come in. How far off yet is the trilobite! how far the quadruped! how inconceivably remote is man! It is a long way from granite to the oyster; farther yet to Plato and the preaching of the immortality of the soul. Yet all must come, as surely as the first atom has two sides."

He thus illustrates the transformation of the material into the spiritual: "The bread man eats is first strength and animal spirits; it becomes in higher laboratories, imagery and thought; and in still higher results, courage and endurance.

Tyndall pays this fine compliment to him: "The first time I ever knew Emerson was when, years ago, a young man, I picked up on a stall a copy of his 'Nature.' I

read it with such delight, and I have never ceased to read it; and if any one can be said to have given the impulse to my mind, it is Emerson. I believe there are hundreds of learned and eminent men in this country and in England who would give similar testimony, if called upon to do so.

Charles Bradlaugh said that Emerson's lecture on "Self-Reliance" was copied by him when a young man, and to it he ascribes the first steps in the career he had adopted.

I consider Emerson a poet rather than a philosopher. His philosophy must be collected from his wise sayings scattered throughout his writing. He has no system. You cannot find out by his writings whether he is a disciple of Kant, of Locke, of Hume, or of Schelling. He says, "I know better than to claim any completeness for my picture. I am a fragment, and this is a fragment of me. I can very confidently announce one or another law, but I am too young yet by some ages to compile a code. I gossip for my hour concerning eternal politics."

Among philosophers, he inclines most to Plato. No mortal or divine personage does he praise so lavishly as Plato. "His sentences," he says, "contain the culture of nations; they are the corner-stone of schools, the fountain-head of literatures, a discipline in logic, arithmetic, taste, symmetry, poetry, language, rhetoric, ontology, morals. There was never such range of speculation.

Out of Plato came all things that are still written and debated among men of thought. We have reached the mountain from which all these drift-boulders were detached. The Bible of the learned for twenty-one hundred years, Plato is philosophy, and philosophy is Plato. His strength is like the momentum of a falling planet, and his discretion the return of its due and perfect curve."

I have read his two essays on Plato over and over again, trying in vain to discover the cause of this wonderful panegyric.

Shelley, whom in many respects Emerson resembles, is quite as extravagant in his praise of Plato, and says, "His language is that of an immortal spirit, rather than a man." But in spite of the praise of two such eminent authorities, I think Plato is over-estimated by them. "His philosophy was an inarticulate utterance, curious to the historian, but valueless as a solution of the problem of existence." His ethics might suit the inhabitants of another world; they are useless to the inhabitants of this. One of his most interesting works—his "Republic"—contains views of rather too advanced a character for our age. He ordains community of wives, the children to belong to the State. Women are to be chosen for marriage as blood-mares are chosen, and they must share with men the toils of war and agriculture. The female dog guards sheep as well as the male—why

should not the women guard the State? Well may one say with Emerson, "The acutest German, the lovingest disciple, could never tell what Platonism was."

Emerson has written a great deal about the poet and poetry, but all on an ideal platform, almost too high for human attainment; indeed, he says, "I look in vain for the poet whom I describe," and I find his essays on this theme rather obscure and too subtle for me, in many passages. In his definition of poetry he is surpassed by Shelley in that rapturous inspiration, his "Defense of Poetry," in which he defines poetry to be "the record of the best and happiest moment of the happiest and best minds." In reading these two authors, what they have to say on this topic, one might almost think that Shelley and Emerson were twin brothers; but Emerson repudiates him and rather insinuates that he is only an English rhymester. He says, "When people tell me they do not relish poetry and bring me Shelley or Aikin's Poets to show that it has no charm, I am quite of their mind." This disparagement of Shelley is unaccountable to me, and must arise in part from Emerson's lack of the musical ear, which lack is lamentably betrayed in many of his poems—notably his Boston Hymn, which is excruciating in its prosaic springhaltism. His allusions to music are very few and faint in all his writings. I fear he would not have enjoyed the Fifth Symphony or "Don Giovanni," or the "Mar-

riage of Figaro,"—and consider what a blank in a man's life this imperfection implies. A stranger in a world of ecstasy; an outcast from the "Palace Beautiful," the "Chamber of Peace," the "Land of Beulah"; but he turns to his essay on Compensation, and says, "For everything you have missed, you have gained something else," and his compensation is a voice as melodious as Apollo's lute, and a discourse more enchanting than the harp of Orpheus.

Shelley, like Emerson, was a passionate worshiper of nature; pantheistic in his philosophy, as is Emerson; an ardent disciple of Plato, he read him in the original and made the best translation of his "Banquet" ever made in English—a feat far beyond Emerson's accomplishments; a daring and courageous advocate of freedom in thought, speech, and life; original in his convictions, pure in his morals, liberal in his benefactions, unselfish, humane, a scholar—one would think after Emerson's own heart, and far surpassing him in classical learning and poetical inspiration; and yet, he passes him by, ignoring his magnificent "Hymn on Intellectual Beauty," the bare title of which should cause him to bow his head in reverence, and praise that cold, watery, bloodless egotist—Henry Thoreau—who wrote a sonnet on "Mist," another on "Haze," and a third on "Smoke," all three of which are in Emerson's "Parnassus"—the poorest collection of poems I ever wish to see. What is

the secret of Emerson's dislike? Well, Shelley was a little off-color in his ideas of the marriage relation, and perhaps Emerson's pantheism could not stand this.

His Threnody is a wail of passionate grief, intermixed with upbraidings of Fate and Nature, with finest descriptions of his son's great attractions and promise. He calls him,

> "Child of paradise,
> Boy who made dear his father's home,
> In whose deep eyes
> Men read the welfare of the time to come."

He describes,

> "His joyful eye,
> Innocence that matched the sky,
> Lovely locks, a form of wonder,
> Laughter rich as woodland thunder."

In his anguish he cries:

> "I am too much bereft—
> The world dishonored thou hast left.
> Oh! truth's and Nature's costly lie!
> Oh! trusted broken prophecy!"

And yet, after this picture of grief and sorrow, he can write:

"The only thing that grief has taught me, is to know how shallow it is. In the death of my son, now more than two years ago, I seem to have lost a beautiful estate—no more. I cannot get it nearer to me. If to-morrow I should be informed of the bankruptcy of my principal debtors, the loss of my property would be a great inconvenience to me, perhaps for many years; but

it would leave me as it found me—neither better nor worse. So it is with this great calamity; it does not touch me. Something which I fancied was a part of me, which could not be torn away without tearing me, or enlarged without enriching me, falls off from me and leaves not a scar. I grieve that grief can teach me nothing, nor carry me one step into real nature."

Was there ever so extraordinary a confession? This is the nearest that I ever knew Emerson to come to pessimism.

Lest you might think me too laudatory in my estimation of Emerson, I will acknowledge that he has his limits and shortcomings. In his essay on books, I think him extravagant in his praise of such authors as Plotinus, Porphyry, Lynesius, and Jamblichus, whom he recommends as authorities for young men to study. Life is too short to devote much of it to these old coves. The *Sunday Herald* is really more to our purpose in this nineteenth century. This going back to those ancient Greeks for mental pabulum is like traveling in their old war-chariots. I prefer a Pullman or a smoking-car. His recommending these ancient authors is strongly in contradiction to his customary advice, for he strenuously insists on our living in the here and now. "Do not foolishly ask of the inscrutable, obliterated past, what it cannot tell; but ask it of the enveloping *now*. The more quaintly you inspect its evanescent beauties, its wonder-

ful details, its astounding whole, so much the more you master the biography of his hero, and that of every hero."

I am sorry to say that Emerson is not a Malthusian, for he denounces Malthus, and utters his nonsense, that population increases in the ratio of morality. What has morality to do with the fecundity of the Irish potato-eater or the Oriental rice-gorger? Moreover, on another occasion he expresses himself thus:

"The worst of charity is, that the lives you are asked to preserve are not worth preserving. Masses! The calamity is the masses. I do not wish any mass at all, but honest men only; lively, sweet, accomplished women only, and no shovel-handed, narrow-brained, gin-drinking, million-stockingers, or lazzaroni. If government knew how, I would like to see it check, not multiply the population."

Old Father Malthus would jump with joy at these sentiments, and kiss him on both cheeks, slap him on the back, and say, "Your hand, old boy! you are on the high road to my arithmetical and geometrical progression, and soon you will arrive at my three checks—moral restraint, vice, and misery."

But I feel that I am presumptuous to sit in judgment on Emerson, even to point out any shortcomings, which, after all, are but spots on the sun of his transcendent brightness.

> "Even the source and fount of day,
> Is dashed with wandering isles of night,"

and we may certainly overlook in Emerson a few of these "wandering isles."

A thousand years from now, or ten thousand, Boston will be remembered, not for its historical record, the destruction of British tea in its harbor, the State-Street massacre, nor for its Frog-Pond, nor Great Organ, nor the Chestnut-Street Club, nor Joe Cook's Monday Lectures; but as having been the birthplace of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

F. B.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE ALLEYNES AND THE CHASES

YOUR grandfather's mother was a Miss Alleyne—Sarah Hannah Boies Alleyne, as the genealogy and the tombstones record it. She was the daughter of Abel Alleyne and Anna Chase. We will trace the mother's line first. Anna Chase was the daughter of Thomas Chase and Anna Field Chase; Thomas Chase was the son of Joseph Chase and Lydia Coffin Chase; Joseph Chase was the son of Thomas Chase (born 1677, died 1714) and Jane Cathcart Chase; Thomas Chase was the son of Isaac Chase and Mary Tilton Chase; Isaac Chase was the son of Thomas Chase (born 1643, died 1714) and Elizabeth Philbrick; Thomas was the son of another Chase who came to Hampton in 1639, and was the brother of Agnila Chase, as shown by a deed in which the latter confirms to the heirs of Thomas (whom he calls his brother) certain bonds. This property had been conveyed and sold to his brother Thomas, of Hampton, twenty years before. His will is dated 1667. Thomas, Sr., died in 1652. This is as far as we can trace the Chase family with certainty.

The Alleynes, however, are a much older family, and their annals make pleasant reading, whether they be in England in the sixteenth century, in the Barbadoes in

ANNA CHASE ALLEYNE
Great-great-grandmother of Frederick and Dorothy Patterson

the eigteenth, or in America in the nineteenth. The Alleyne family originated with Sir Alans de Buchenhall, who held the lordship of Buchenhall in Staffordshire in the reign of Edward I. From him are de-

scended the families of Allen, Allyn, Alleyn, and Alleyne. The crest is a horse's head out of a ducal coronet, and the motto, *"Non tua te moveunt, sed publica vota"*—"Not thine own but the public wish," or, "Let not thine own desire, but that of others, move thee." A fine altruistic sentiment as workable and quite as necessary now in the Republic of the United States as it was in Merrie England.

Your great-grandmother's line can be traced directly back some three hundred years, with all collateral branches. The family includes names in high repute in English history and politics. They were lords of English manors, good English gentlemen, loyal to their king and their country, and equally to their own integrity and high purposes. In the list of your great-grandmother's ancestors in England we find members of Parliament, vicars, scholars, philosophers, and military commanders.

Reynold Alleyne, who emigrated in search of adventure to the Barbadoes in 1640. He was the eldest son of Richard Alleyne, Baronet of Lincoln, and as colonel was commander of Oliver Cromwell's land forces on that island. He met his death in the attack on Speights Fort in December, 1651. Reynold Alleyne was one of the first settlers of the Barbadoes, and acquired a considerable estate there. This ancestor was the grand-

THE BARBADOES BELLES
The original painting hangs in the parlor of Frederick Beck's home, Davis Avenue, Brookline.

father of the two little girls whose pictures you know so well, called the Barbadoes Belles.

"The Barbadoes Beauties," some mention of them may be appropriate here, were the daughters of John Alleyne, of "Four Hills," Barbadoes; Mary, who married Admiral Sir Charles Knowlton, baronet; Rebecca, who married Viscount Falkner, afterwards Earl Radnor. Both girls left descendants, now living in Bristol, England.

The following old poem was written in their honor in 1735:

"THE BARBADOES BEAUTIES.

"When from the nymphs of happy Greece
Apelles drew a finished piece,
Had Alleyne lived, in whom all joined
The beauties of the face and mind,
Surprised to see her so complete,
He 'd thrown his pencil at her feet.

"The famed Apelles drew a Venus face,
From various nymphs he stole a different grace,
Nice in the grand design, he could not find
A single nymph in whom each beauty joined.

"Had'st thou, celestial Alleyne, been but there,
Surprised alone, so exquisitely fair,
Brighter than all the brightest nymphs of Greece,
Thee only had he chosen for his face."

* * * * *

To go back to the ancestor Reynold Alleyne. He married a Miss Skeat and acquired a considerable estate in the Barbadoes, "Mt. Alleyne," a fine country

OLD HOME IN QUINCY, (Formerly Braintree,) MASS.

Built by Edmund Quincy in 1635. In 1768 became property of Thomas Alleyne. Great and great-great-grandfather of the Patterson children lived in this house and some generations since. Abel Alleyne and Anna Chase were married in this house. "Aunt Boris" and "Aunt Chickerine" were born here. House now owned by the town of Quincy and occupied by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Minister of the Unitarian Church.

The oak timbers of which this house was built were cut in what is now State St., Boston, and rafted over to Quincy.

home, bright, and occupied by him for many years. Reynold Alleyne's eldest son was Abel Alleyne, of Two Mills estate, in the Barbadoes. This ancestor was a member of the Barbadain Council and Lieutenant General of that island. He married Elizabeth Denzy and died in the Barbadoes. Abel Alleyne's eldest son was Thomas Alleyne, who lived on the original estate, Mt. Alleyne, and whose wife was Judith, daughter of Sir Timothy Thornhill, baronet. This Thomas Alleyne also died in the Barbadoes. His second son was Reynold Alleyne, of Two Mills of the Four Hills, Barbadoes, member of the Assembly at St. Andrew, a Chief Judge of Bridge Court. He married Elizabeth Gay, and died in 1727. The second son of Reynold Alleyne was another Abel Alleyne, with whom the family emigrated to America. He married Mary Woodbridge, and this couple were grandparents, six generations back, of Frederick and Dorothy Patterson, of Dayton. On the failure of his health, Abel Alleyne was advised to try the cooler climate of New England, where he lived for a few years and died at Braintree, New Quincy. His widow purchased an estate and lived and died at Quincy. Abel Alleyne's fourth son was Thomas (born 1733, died 1781), who lived with his mother, Mary Woodbridge Alleyne, and his wife and family at the Quincy home. He married *Dorothy Harben Forster,

*Here is where Dorothy Patterson gets her name.

the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Mr. Haynes Gibbs at the home of Mrs. Sarah Osborne, on Thursday, January 2, 1755. Miss Forster was of St. Phillips, Barbadoes, and is said to have been a very beautiful woman. She died at Dedham, November 14, 1814, and was buried in the family vault at Quincy. Thomas Alleyne died in South Carolina, August 9, 1781, in his fifty-fourth year.

His eldest son was a third Abel Alleyne, who was born in Salem on Thursday, the 19th of May, and was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Gilchrist. His godfathers were his father's brothers, Reynold and John Alleyne, the Rev. Edward Winslow, and his father standing proxy for them. Mrs. Mary Alleyne was his godmother. Abel Alleyne was married at Boston to Anna Chase by the Rev. Phineas Wright at Mrs. Elizabeth Chase's, on Thursday evening, November 22, 1787. He died on December 7, 1807. His daughter was Sarah Hannah Boies Alleyne, who married your great-grandfather, Frederick Beck. Your grandfather, Frederick Beck, made this brief note of the origin of his mother's family line:

"The Alleyne family originated in England, then emigrated to the Barbadoes, and from there one son (the founder of the Massachusetts Alleynes) came to New England. The family is still numerous both in England and in the Barbadoes. The Abel Alleyne who

came from the West Indies to New England was your great-great-grandfather. He had other children besides your great-grandmother."

The following is another personal sketch of his mother, Sarah Hannah Boies Alleyne, by your grandfather, written in 1895:

"My mother's maiden name was Sarah Hannah Boies Alleyne, born in Milton, Mass., 24th of August, 1794. She was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Montague and named for her Aunt Boies. On January 2, 1815, she was married to your great-grandfather, Frederick Beck, at the residence of Mr. Boies, in Milton, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Mr. Harris. The young couple went to live with her husband's mother, then a widow in Warren Street, Boston (now Warrenton), and resided there continuously until her death, nearly fifty years. She died in Boston, January 13, 1864. In this house all her six children were born, Sarah Phillips, Frederick, Mary Alleyne, George Forster, James, Anna Alleyne. Two only now survive. At the time of her mother's death my mother resided in Dedham, Mass., with her grandmother, Dorothy Forster Alleyne, whom my mother adored. She was never tired of telling her children what a beautiful, gracious, and benevolent old lady she was. She died in Dedham in 1815, and soon after my mother was married. Her grandmother had requested her to be married on the same day she was,

the 2d of January, which happened to be the same day and year in which Lord Byron was married, and your little cousin, Sarah Phillips Tappom, was born January 2, 1896. So that this date of January 2 is quite conspicuous in our annals. I hope when Dorothy is married it will be on January 2, the day that her great-great-great-grandmother and her great-grandmother were married."

FORSTER COAT OF ARMS

Stag head with horns, arrow in his mouth, rising out of a coronet three lions. Motto: "In God is my hope."

Your grandfather, Frederick Beck, also wrote this narrative of the great-grandmother, Dorothy Harbin Forster:

"I now wish to give you some account of the lady for whom you were named, your great - great - great - grandmother, who was born in the Island of Barbadoes, West Indies, in 1735. Her maiden name was Dorothy Harbin Forster. She was married in the Barbadoes, January 2, 1755, at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Sarah Osborne, to Thomas Alleyne. She had three children, Abel, John, and Thomas. Abel was the father of Mrs. Beck, my mother. The Alleyne family originated in England and became very numerous. Their genealogy, on parch-

ment, still remains with some of the family. It was so large that some $250 was paid to write the names of the descendants from the present stock. The oldest that can be traced with certainty was Abel Alleyne, of Barbadoes, who married Mary Woodbridge and had twelve children. He was advised to visit this country for his health, and came to Boston in 1739. Afterward he moved to Braintree, now known as Quincy, where he bought a house, lived and died there, leaving his wife, who died there in 1778, aged seventy-seven years. One of their twelve children was Thomas Alleyne, who married Dorothy Forster, as above related. There was built in Quincy, in 1635, a fine mansion house by Mr. Edmund Quincy. The oak timbers with which it was built were cut from trees that grew in State Street, Boston, and were rafted across the bay to Quincy. This house is still standing (1895), in good condition. It had four hundred acres of land surrounding it. Some of the trees planted around the house when it was first built are still standing. Just behind the house is a rising ground commanding a view of the ocean. This has been within a few years laid out in house lots and named Alleyne Terrace. This estate was bought by the above Abel Alleyne, fifth great-grandfather, who was a gentleman of much wealth and lived and died there; afterwards his son, and then his grandson, the husband of Dorothy Forster. Your dear mother had a picture

of this house in her Dayton home, on the back of which was written its history. Another view of this same house hangs in 'Old Cobweb,' which some day you must have.

"The oil painting of the two little girls now in Aunt Sarah's home, Cambridge, belonged to Dorothy Forster

THE PHILLIPS TOMB
King's Chapel Burial Ground, Boston

Alleyne. She valued it very highly, and she gave it to her granddaughter, my mother, and eventually you are to have it."

The brothers and sisters of your great-grandmother, Sarah Hannah Boies Alleyne, whose descendants are living in and near Boston, are as follows:

1720. Mary Alleyne, born July 2, married very young to John Alleyne; he died in the Barbadoes. She then married Peter Chardon. Chardon Street, Boston, was named for him. Highly respected and beloved in Boston, wealthy and benevolent; died in Boston and was interred under King's Chapel. No children, I believe.

1721. Reynold Alleyne, born 15th of June.

1722. Abel Alleyne, born 20th of September. On their voyage to England for their education, were lost at sea.

1724. Dudley Alleyne, September 2. (Aunt Boies had his portrait with the parrot. Mrs. Street now possesses it, with Aunt Boies' portrait. Note by Lucretia Alleyne Wait.)

1726. Jane Isabella, October 21. Married at Stratford by Rev. Edward Winslow. Died in North Carolina.

1728. Benjamina Woodbridge, November 22. Died in Quincy, February 19, 1787; not married. Died suddenly. Devoted to her mother, called Aunt Benjy.

1730. John ————, January 22, married and died in West Indies. Has one daughter, who married a Mr. Graw.

1733. Thomas Alleyne, born August 28, died on his passage out to Caroline. Married Dorothy Har-

bine Forster, 2d January. (Note by Mrs. Wait.) Mother's grandmother (who requested her to be married the 2d of January, which she did). Three children—Abel, John, and Thomas. She is the lady who said she never indulged her children, but let this little Thomas bring the chickens into the parlor to play with. He died when about seven years old; lived in Quincy, but went to England for a visit; returned in 1788. Abel lived with his grandmother in Quincy (Abel, who was mother's father). John was sent to Barbadoes to his Aunt Osborne, who was his mother's sister. Her sister, Deborah Forster, never married, but left her the income of her property; the principal went to her great-niece, who was born while on her visit to England, and she said she would leave her her money for the name Deborah, and mother's father added the name Dorothy for his mother; thus Deborah Dorothy Forster, who was Aunt Chickering.

1735. Timothy Henry Pease, born January 28.

1738. Lucretia, April 4. Married Mr. —. Wait; had one child, a daughter.

1740. Abel Dudley, April 14. She married Henry Evans Holder; had three sons—Henry, John, and William. She married a second time; had

one son. (His portrait used to hang in Uncle Boies' Library. Mr. Clark Gamble has it now.)*

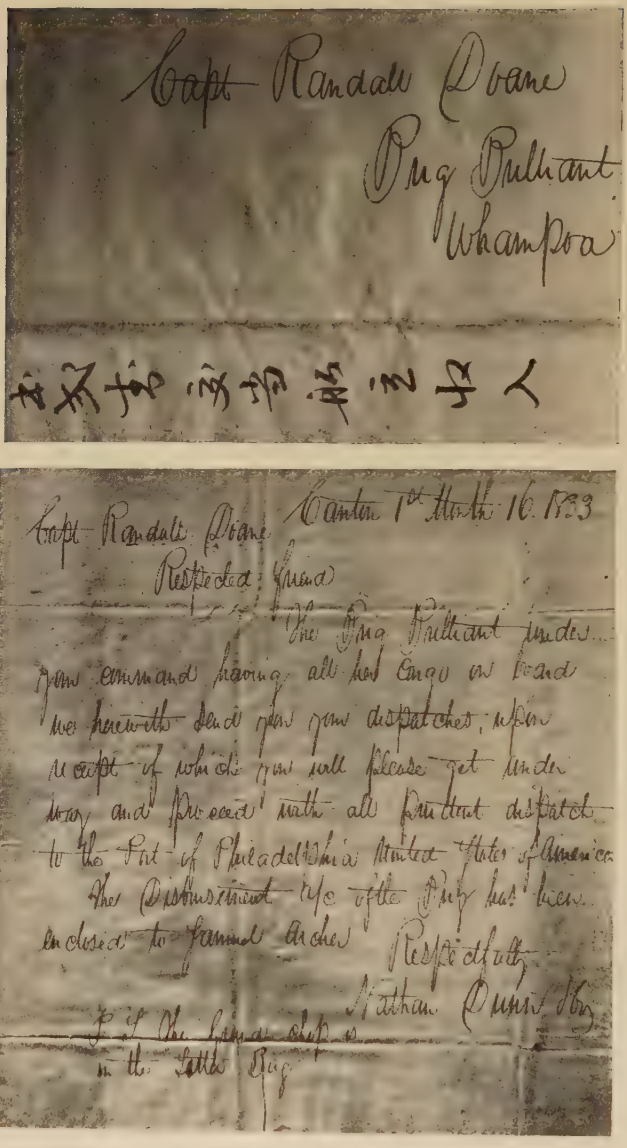
1743. Isabella Elizabeth, born November 4; was married in Braintree Church, October 27, 1760, to Dr. Joseph Clark. (This lady was Aunt Boies' mother. Her portrait hung in Aunt Boies' south drawing-room, 4 Otis Place. Mrs. Street now has it.)*

Grandfather Abel Alleyne died in Quincy. He came for his health to this country with his wife; first lived in Salem, then in Boston; afterwards went to Baintree; lived in President Adams' house, then in the Quincy house; bought William Bradford's house in 1770. Grandfather Alleyne died in 1780, aged seventy-seven. Mr. Daniel Greenleaf bought the house and resided in it as long as he lived.

Some particulars of other members of this family were furnished from records in the hands of Rev. William F. Cheney, of Dedham, Mass.:

"The eldest daughter of Doctor Clark, Sarah Hannah, was in infancy taken to Braintree under the protection of her Aunt Benja. and her grandmother, with whom she lived during their lives, and a few years after their decease married Jeremiah Smith Boies. Doctor and Mrs. Clarke, who adhered to the royal government

*Mrs. Wait's record.


Capt Randall Doane
Brig Brilliant
Whampoa

Canton 1st Month 16. 1783

Capt Randall Doane

Respected Friend

The Brig Brilliant under your command having all her Cargo on board we herewith send you dispatches, upon receipt of which you will please get under way and proceed with all Brilliant dispatch to the Port of Philadelphia in the United States of America. The Disbursement A/c of the Brig has been enclosed to Samuel Archer

Respectfully

Nathan Rumsey Jr

P.S. The Long Boat is in the Little Bay

SAILING ORDERS TO CAPTAIN DOANE

in the time of the American Revolution, with the remainder of their children, removed to New York, and from there to the River St. John, New Brunswick, 1783. Doctor Clark settled at Marysville, on the River St. John, and resumed the practice of medicine. He died in Marysville in 1813, aged seventy-nine years. His widow, Isabella Elizabeth, died the same year, aged seventy-one years.

"Dudley Woodbridge, father of Mary Woodbridge, who married Abel A., above, was president of the South Sea Company. Asciento was the name of his place in England. He came for his health with his wife, arriving at Salem; then to Boston, then went to Braintree. He lived first in President Adams' house, then Quincy House; bought of Mr. Bradford in 1770, and now occupied by Mr. Daniel Greenleaf.

"A son of the above Dudley Woodbridge is buried in the Granary burying ground, Boston. The stone may be seen from Tremont Street, bearing this inscription: 'Here lies interred the body of Mr. Benjamin Woodbridge; died July 3, 1728.'"

CAPTAIN RANDALL DOANE

CHAPTER NINE

THE DOANES

Lucy Anna Doane Beck

THE first minister on Cape Cod (whose surname was Leverick) is said to have once written, "He who does not think of his ancestors will be negligent of his posterity." With this thought in mind, we begin the history of the Doane's, the family of your grandmother, Lucy Doane Beck.

The Doanes belonged on Cape Cod—seafarers, all of them, and rugged sons of the sea and the soil. With Puritan traditions, stern and eager instincts, and difficult lives, they reared their families to that fine New England type of character which still makes the backbone of American character. The annals of Cape Cod bear the Doane name almost as frequently as the Coffin name. The town hall records of Provincetown, Truro, Wellfleet, Eastham, Yarmouth, and Harwich all show traces of the good citizenship and public spirit of the Doanes. In Provincetown at different times lived Ephraim Doane, Hezekiah Doane, and Elisha Doane (the last probably your great-great-grandfather). This

Elisha Doane was a delegate to a convention held in Faneuil Hall in September, 1761.

"At a meeting, March 9, 1761, it was voted that Captain Elisha Doane be agent to get the North Precinct of Eastham set off as a district."

This Captain Doane was also town clerk at this time, as is shown by the records.

"In 1679, John Doane is found to be one of thirteen persons commissioned to hold select court." (Eastham.)

"In 1695, Mr. John Doane was appointed to procure the erection of a whipping-post and stocks for the town use." (Eastham.)

In 1730, "Elisha Doane is elected deacon of the church."

In 1743, "The town of Harwich is incorporated, and among the names of the incorporators we find four Doanes—Daniel, Elisha, Moses, and Nathaniel."

In 1837, "At Yarmouth is recorded the death of John B. Doane, 'a most estimable citizen.'"

In the history of Barnstable County, Cape Cod, we find this sad story too often told in New England seacoast history, and from which no family seemed to escape:

"An event occurred this year which brought sadness to many hearts, involving the whole town (Wellfleet) in mourning—the loss at sea of William Doane and twenty-two others belonging here. The ship 'America,'

commanded by Captain Doane, went down with all on board."

* * * * *

These are a few. The exact lineage of all these Doanes can never be precisely traced, but they are all branches of one and the same family to which your grandmother belongs.

Her father, Captain Randal Rice Doane, was born in the year 1791, at Eastham, Cape Cod. He was captain at the age of twenty-one, and at thirty partly owned the vessel on which he sailed. Captain Doane was a man of commanding presence and stern character, with great self-respect. His portrait, which at present (1902) hangs in the parlor of Frederick Beck, Brookline, is an excellent likeness. It was painted by an Italian artist, at Leghorn. In 1823 he married Eliza Sellars, who was considered a great beauty.

She had blue-black hair, dark eyes, and perfect features. She was a fearless horsewoman and a great lover of all dumb animals. This quality, with an originality of speech, was inherited by her granddaughter, Katharine Beck Patterson.

A few years after Captain Doane's marriage, he removed to Philipston, Mass., where he and his brother, Captain Lott Doane, built a schoolhouse and presented it to the town, for, next to the sea, education was Captain Doane's hobby. He brought from the other side an

English governess and Italian nurse for his children, and, leaving them in charge of his household, he took his wife to Italy, where she was entertained at court, and brought many beautiful things from that country; among them was a set of gold-enameled jewelry of beautiful workmanship, which is now in the possession of Mrs. Beck.

On Captain Doane's last voyage, he sailed for Leghorn in his bark "Brilliant." Soon after leaving port, the vessel was wrecked in a violent storm and all on board were lost. A chest with Captain Doane's paper and money was washed ashore, but word was sent that the contents were worthless, being water-soaked. All that remains of his belongings to-day are the portrait above mentioned, a tea-set made in China for his wife, with her initials in gold, a miniature on ivory of himself, an old-fashioned shaving-glass, and a picture of his brig "Brilliant," all of which are in the possession of his daughter, Lucy Doane Beck, of Brookline. Captain Doane left four children—William Wallace, Charles Peatley, Mary Jane, and Lucy Anne Doane.

William died at an early age, Charles ran away to sea and was never heard from, Mary died in 1869, and Lucy married Frederick Beck, of Boston, June 30, 1859.

Lucy Anne Doane was born August 9, 1830, at Eastham, Cape Cod, Mass. At the death of her father she

went to live in Dorchester, Mass., with her aunt, Lucy Sellers, her mother's twin sister, for whom she was named. This aunt was a wise and generous guardian for Lucy, sending her to the then famous Charlestown Seminary, and giving her a piano, which in those days was considered a great luxury. This piano is still in use, being played upon by Lucy's grandchildren.

I have asked for data concerning Aunt Lucy Sellars, who was a second and a very real mother to your grandmother. Her great-niece, your Aunt Eleanor, writes this from her own memories of the dear relative:

" 'Aunty,' as we always called her, was a most beautiful, unselfish character. By her photograph you will see what a dear, sweet face she had. She kept house for my mother and was a mother to us children. In our childish predicaments we always turned to Aunty. There was hardly a spot that her ingenuity could not remove (wheel grease generally in our case). She could mend huge three-cornered rents (torn by picket fences) to perfection. It was she who kept our dinners warm, and was always at the window to watch for our homecoming, when we were driving. I think she dreaded that each drive might be our last, as mother was fond of 'breaking colts,' a thrilling amusement for those involved, but hard on the ones at home.

"Aunty gave us everything she had, from her money to her love and service."

LUCY L. SELLARS

The twin sister of Mrs. Beck's mother, for whom Mrs. Beck was named

The following poem, celebrating the virtues of this favorite Aunt, was written by Mr. Beck to Miss Sellars on her birthday:

"Dear little Auntie! How was her life
One long, devoted sacrifice
Of self, of means, of time and health,—
Untiring in her boundless wealth
Of love and care,—with watchful eye,
With tender heart, and constancy
Unmatched in story or in song.
The many years, with vigils long
Of watchful nights, and laboring days,
Devoted now to win our praise,
And sun our wants, with disregard
Most utter of her own reward.
Long may we keep her memory green.
There never was, nor will be seen
Through all the ages that may roll
A whiter, more unselfish soul."

It should not be a surprise to you that your grandmother was a beautiful and gifted woman. The picture which smiles down at you from the walls of the sitting-room at Davis Avenue will be a sufficient assurance. This remarkable portrait was painted by the English artist Rothwell, whose portrait of Shelley's wife now hangs in the National Gallery, London. He was not the first artist who had asked the favor of having her for a subject, but he was the first to whom it was granted. The first picture he painted was shown under the name of "The Prairie Flower" in the Royal Acad-

emy Exhibition in London, 1852, and immediately found a purchaser. Your grandmother regretted to lose it, therefore the artist painted another, which second painting is the one you have so often seen. The dark eyes and hair, the sweet yet spirited expression of the graceful pose, all proofs of the thorough artistic temperament, will explain why noted painters wished to try their arts upon so fascinating a sitter. On her thirty-first wedding anniversary your grandfather wrote this touching tribute, called forth by the portrait of the twenty-two-year-old girl who had been for so many happy years his wife:

"Lines to a Picture.

"*A Wedding Anniversary Memorial.*

I.

"Who is this blithesome lass whose smile
So archly from this canvas gleams?
Whose merry, laughing eyes beguile
All loving hearts to share her dreams?

II.

"Her dreams, be sure, are 'fancy free,'
No 'maiden meditations' move
To tumult her placidity;
She sings, but never dreams of love.

III.

"Her dreams are all of song's delight,
Music is her enthralling sphere,
Wherein her soul pours forth its might,
And silence in its sepulcher.

PORTRAIT OF LUCY DOANE BECK
Painted by Rothwell, 1852

IV.

"Her joy has been impassioned song,
On ever-varying theme bestowed,
Now low and mournful, now along
The heights and depths of passion's ode.

V.

"This sylph, so blithe, so debonair,
Endowed with song's immortal art,
Enriched with beauty's wondrous glare,
'Whose bright eyes make the torches dark.'

VI.

"Nearly fifty years have fled
Since first she lent her matchless form
To grace this canvas, erst so dead,
And gave it life both rich and warm.

VII.

"Now, on this aniversary,
I would renew my vows of old,
And count these years a rosary,
More precious than were beads of gold."

June 30, 1859. —Frederick Beck.
June 30, 1900.

The then famous artist Rouse made a sketch of Lucy Doane, which you may now see hanging in the parlor on Davis Avenue. Hanly also did a pastel, which pleased him so little that he tore it across and was about to put it in the fire. Some one with a sense of beauty and art rescued it, and it now hangs in the south parlor on Davis Avenue.

With three such tributes, to add to what your eyes

may still see, you can never doubt the charms of your grandmother. But if it is difficult to speak appreciatively of Lucy Doane's beauty, how shall we attempt to tell her grandchildren of her greatest gift, the gift of song? The old piano which still stands in your grandfather's house was the means of developing what proved to be a remarkable voice. It received the best training possible for that time, and improved constantly in quality and flexibility. Mr. August Kreissman was her master and took great pride in his pupil, introducing her frequently upon the concert stage, where she at once took her audience by storm. Even at twenty-two she had already scored many musical triumphs and had received offers to go upon the operatic stage. The Puritanical sentiments of her family were against such a course, therefore Miss Doane kept to the concert stage.

Lowell Mason, the then famous musical critic of Boston, was her friend and admirer. He brought her forward again and again, always rewarded by the eagerly bestowed delight of the public. John S. Dwight, editor of the *Boston Musical Journal,* was also a warm admirer of your grandmother, and published many flattering notices of her singing. The following from his pen, in 1858, describes her singing in a concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club:

"We have never before derived so much pleasure from the vocal portion of the entertainment, whether as

regards the selections or the execution. Miss Doane's voice and style justified the good impression which they made in the two concerts of the 'Orpheus Club.' Schubert's music to Goethe's 'Meine Ruh' ist hin,' etc., with the spinning-wheel figure in the accompaniment, seizes the true passion and spirit of the song. She sang it with such artistic delivery and fervor that she was obliged to sing again, when she caused still more delight by giving (in English) the same composer's charming 'Barcarole.' Mr. Dresel accompanied. In Mozart's 'Dove Sono' and the duet from 'Idomenes' she added fine dramatic nerve and expression to very correct and finished vocalization. She is now one of our very best soprano singers, and does great credit to her teacher, Mr. Kreissman. Why do we never hear her in our oratorios and larger concerts?"

He had already written several years before, in a notice of the first concert of the Orpheus Glee Club:

"Miss Doane deserves especial credit for her rendering of the great but singularly difficult recitative and

aria from 'Fidelio.' We have never heard Miss Doane's voice sound better; she had studied to good purpose, and the contrasts in the declamatory bursts of indignation and horror in the recitative, in the tenderness of the andante, and in the inspired, wild delight of hope and triumph at the end, were most effectively yet chastely rendered."

This from a Manchester (N. H.) paper in 1851:

"As an artist Miss Doane defies criticism. She shows a good schooling and appreciation of the music, and execution clear and placid; from the lowest to the highest note her pronunciation is perfectly plain. Her 'Come Over the Mountain' was rendered magnificently, and brought prolonged applause, when she sang 'Comin' thro' the Rye' as an encore. But 'Come unto Him,' from the 'Messiah,' was the great triumph of the evening. How entirely artistic it was, no one can judge who has not heard Jenny Lind in the same aria; it was a triumph even for a great singer."

The following notices are all from Mr. Dwight's pen, and refer to your grandmother's successes with the Orpheus Glee Club:

"Miss Doane sang two of the sweetest bits of melody ever heard, a plaintive and touching air by Mendelssohn and a barcarole by Schubert—a gleam of musical sunshine to light the memory forever. The marked favor with which Miss Doane has been greeted at these con-

certs is very flattering to her. Claiming to be only an amateur, appearing on the stage reluctantly, she yet has sufficient good points for a superior artist. She has a pure, sympathetic voice, which exhibits thorough schooling, while the evidence of artistic feeling and genuine expression imparts an irresistible charm to her performance. The singing of Miss Doane has afforded us great satisfaction. Such artlessness—which is the embodiment of true art—as her singing and deportment evinces, shows her capable of becoming an artist in every sense of the term."

"The 'Figaro' duet was sung delightfully, with true delicacy of style and humor. It is rarely that we hear anything of Mozart so well rendered. Miss Doane was equally fortunate in the noble aria from St. Paul, 'Jerusalem, Thou That Killest the Prophets,' and in 'Vedrai Carino.' She was encored twice after the last, and sang in answer a couple of English ballads with grace and truth of style."

"Miss Doane sang with her usual taste and beauty, which we have before commended, a recitative and aria from 'La Nozze di Figaro,' a song each by Robert Franz and Mendelssohn, and in a duet with Mr. Kreissman from 'Fidelio.' She was applauded and encored on each occasion. After the aria, two splendid bouquets were presented her by gentlemen from the audience."

"The lively melody from Mozart's 'Figaro,' 'Deh

Viene,' which was one of the things in which Jenny Lind's singing was most heavenly, has never since been sung to us so satisfactorily as by Miss Doane. She was true to the exquisite purity, the simplicity and heartfelt tenderness and rapture of the melody. Sontag injured it by over-ornamentation."

"In the duet from 'Fidelio,' which she sang with Mr. Kreissman, the rapturous duet in which the long-separated wife and husband recognize each other in the prison of the latter, was repeated. It is glorious music, and was gloriously sung. Miss Doane also rendered, most acceptably, the song 'Die Lotos Blume,' by Robert Franz in German, and a bright little Rheinish Volkslied by Mendelssohn in English."

On the some concert by another writer:

"Miss Doane was equally fortunate in the noble aria from 'St. Paul' and in 'Vedrai Carino.' She was encored twice after the last, and sang in answer a couple of English ballads with a grace and truth of style which we much doubt any singer in this country could surpass. She should be heard in oratorio. Miss Doane's voice, so pleasing in a concert room, is excellently well adapted for church music. With a good compass, correct articulation, fine expression and style, she has a rare power of sustaining trying notes or difficult strains."

"The soprano, with chorus by Hiller, was very effec-

EDITH SELLARS BECK

tively rendered, Miss Doane sustaining the solo portion with all the expression and facility of execution of which she is capable."

From the *Boston Transcript:*

"On December 24, 1853, 'The Musical Education Society' performed 'The Messiah,' under the direction of Mr. August Kreissman. Again on April 5, 1855. On each occasion Miss Lucy Doane charmed her hearers with her pure, bright soprano voice."

From the *Boston Daily Journal,* 1857:

"Independent of the chorus performed by the Club, the solo performances gave peculiar satisfaction. Miss Lucy A. Doane was unusually effective in an aria from Beethoven's 'Fidelio,' which she gave with a fervor and beauty that irresistibly moved the audience to commendation. Miss Doane is a sort of 'Daughter of the Regiment' to this Club. Her performances in public are almost exclusively limited to their concerts, yet while she is such a treasure there, she should show herself more frequently in public."

From the *Boston Atlas,* 1857:

"The principal attraction of the evening was Miss Doane, a singer with a pleasant, winsome voice and a natural, unassuming manner. The aria from 'Figaro' is simply beautiful, without ornament, its effects depending solely upon the singer. The duet from 'Fidelio,' sung by Mr. Kreissman and Miss Doane, is fiery and

dramatic. It was applauded and repeated. In the second part of the concert, Miss Doane sang two songs, one by Robert Franz in German, and one by Mendelssohn in English. The first was full of deep feeling, and the last airy and cheerful as a bird's song on a spring morning."

On June 30, 1859, Lucy Doane married Frederick Beck, of Boston. He was a widower with two children, F. Alleyne Beck, who married Sarah Piper, of Newburyport, and Alice Forster, who married Charles W. Lovett, of Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Beck moved to Brookline in 1864, where they still live. They had three children, Edith Doane, Katharine Dudley, and Eleanor Sellars.

It was written of her:

"The married life of Lucy Doane, when settled in Brookline, was full of household energy and oversight. Her three children commanded her first attention, and she proved a most devoted mother. She ruled entirely by love, and no thought of fear was ever allowed to harass them. Fear of the dark, fear of thunder-storms, and all forms of timidity, and especially theological fear, were overcome at an early day, not so much by special instruction as by the living example. To make children happy so that in after life the child could always look back with pleasurable satisfaction on its early experience, was the end sought for. Pain and

sorrow and grief being the almost inevitable lot of mortals during some portion of their existence, it is well to have an oasis in one's life to which we can flee when beset with difficulties and dangers. Unfortunate the beings who have not this bright spot illuminating their early days."

* * * * *

To close this chapter, we cannot do better than to add a tribute to Mrs. Beck from her husband:

"To My Siren.

"*A Birthday Tribute.*

"The sirens of old Grecian days
Were dangerous daughters, for their ways
Led down to death. All wreathed in smiles
They snared the unwary with their wiles.

"Their wiles were music's blandishment—
With this they chimed with foul intent,
And wondrous powers of ravishment,
The imprudent youth who sought their isles,
Enchanted by their songs and smiles.
Their songs were 'venomed melody,'
Their smiles more treacherous than the sea.

"Woe to the rash ones who gave ear
And listened to these sirens. Fear
And horror seized them, soon or late,
Utter destruction was their fate.

"Ulysses saved his mariners
By stopping up with wax their ears;
Ulysses' self, with wise forecast,
Withstood their toils, bound to his mast,
As he their isle went sailing past.

"Unlike these Grecian fays of old,
My siren is of mortal mold;
She has a more alluring voice
Than they who cried, 'Rejoice! Rejoice!'
And, crying, gave no other choice

"But death in watery agonies
To all who listened to their pleas.
My siren stood before her throng
Of worshipers. Whether her song
Or dazzling beauty thrilled them most,
It mattered not,—all hearts were lost,—
Wrecked on this lovely siren's coast.

"She seemed a sprite from fairyland,
All worship, homage, to command;
Her face aglow with beaming smiles,
Sparkled her eyes with witching wiles;
Rich voice of most melodious flow,
Sounding all depths and woe.

"Thus gifted with song's wondrous power,
And beauty's radiant star for dower,
What marvel that I did incline
To call this gracious creature mine?

"She stood before me. I did dream
A seraph sang. Love's mighty stream
O'erwhelmed me in its torrent strong,
Ingulfed I was with siren's song.
This was the harm she wrought in me,
Drowned in her wine of melody.

"My soul was drunk with joy and love,
I gazed enraptured, and to prove
She was a mortal, not a fay,
I kissed this siren maid one day,—
As breaks Aurora with the dawn,
So from my kiss rapt love was born.

"Then we were married, and, behold!
Three little sirens, all of mold

LUCY DOANE BECK
(MRS. FREDERICK BECK)

Most human, like their mother, came
To sing their songs and play the same

"Sweet rôle of luring mariners,
Who never stop with wax their ears,
When wandering over lands and seas,
In quest of maidens like to these.

"Their mother is a matron now,—
Still sings her songs, but somewhat low
Compared to when her siren strains
Fired the blood in youthful veins.

"In youthful veins, alas! now cold
In disappointment's dreary mold;
For crowds of suitors sought her hand,
Then, sighing, bowed to her command.

"Oh, joys of youth, forever flown,
O siren, with thy silver tone,
Repeat once more love's magic strain,
And bring our lost youth back again.

"In vain I call, in vain you sing;
In Fate's decrees there 's no such thing
As weaving whole life's broken strand,
Or gathering drops spilt on the sand.
The 'lost chord' of the soul's refrain
In dreams alone comes back again.

"But, dear one, when thy voice I hear,
Youth and the 'lost chord' reappear;
Again you stand before me, fair
As roseate dawn. Oh, sing the air
That stirred my soul to ecstasy
When first I met thee, young and free,
In love's tumultous fervency.

"Sweet siren, dear, devoted wife,
My heart's beloved, my light of life,
Courage! Youth and its joys have fled,
Life's summer leaves are sere and dead.

"But see! The future's beckoning hand
Calls to the bright, unfading land;
The land of sweet serenity,
Wherein abides our Fate's decree—
Decree of love's eternal rhyme,
Chiming, 'I am forever thine,
Forever thine, forever thine.'"

THE COPPER BEECH, 54 DAVIS AVENUE